The Bystander, November 3, 1920. No. 883. Vol. LXVIII.

The BYSTANDER

BY HUGH WILLIAMS

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By GILBERT HOLIDAY.
"THE WOMAN FROM RUSSIA."
By ROBERT HICHENS.
WITH ALL THE PICTURES AND NEWS OF THE DAY.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

The Late Lord Mayor of Cork

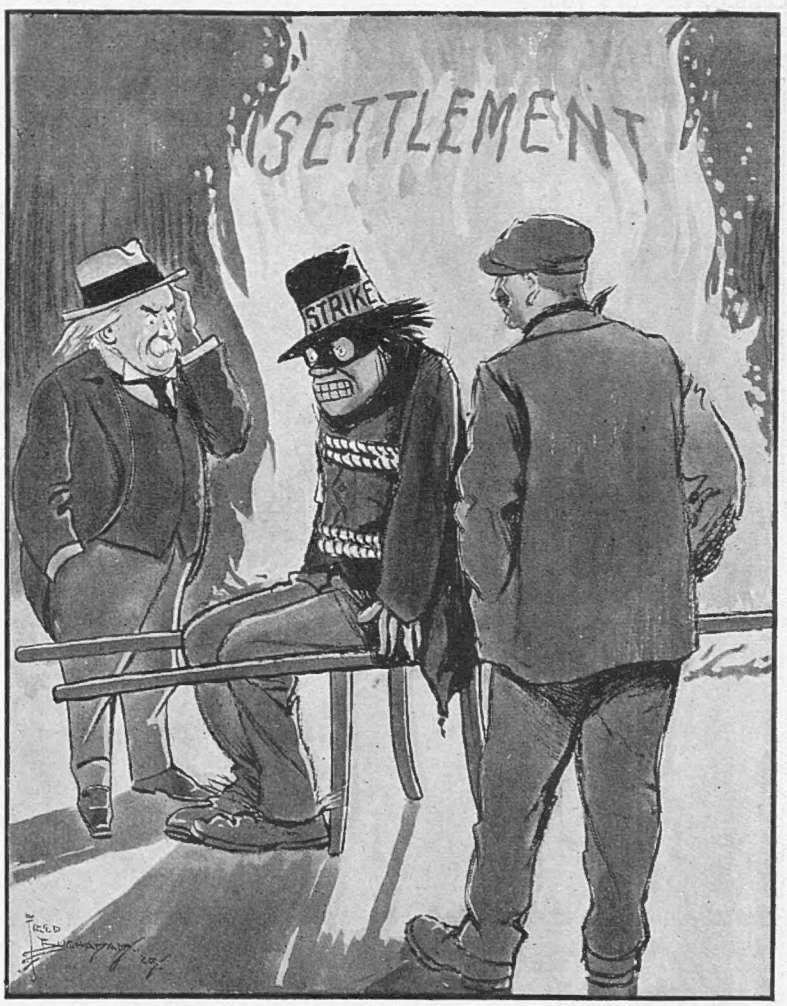
Now that he is dead one may well cease to jest about the Lord Mayor of Cork. At least he had the courage of his opinions, which so many men have not. I can freely admire his admission that the doctor only did his duty as such in feeding him when delirious. I can admire his determination, whilst regretting that it should have been wasted on so poor a cause. Having said this, I must add that I hope sincerely such natural feelings as these will not lead in this country, where I am sure they will be very general, to a sentimental reaction. Were another Irishman of similar prominence to be sentenced justly, as was Mr. McSwiney, to a term of imprisonment, and were to pursue the same course, he should be treated in exactly the same way. In this vast city we hardly notice many significant things. In a country post-office last week I saw a notice, "No parcels for Ireland accepted." I suppose that notice is in London post-offices, but I never observed it. Seeing it, in hand-writing, in a small country post-office, it forced the reality of things upon one. I then recalled that a friend of mine, a sculptor, had for months been unable to send to Ireland his sketch for a war memorial to a famous Irish regiment, and was only able, a few days ago, to get it over by subterfuge. When neither the King's writ nor the Royal mail can run, the firm hand is the only one to deal with the situation.

The Wanderer and the Club

The newspapers last week told a dramatic little story of a father meeting in a suburban club the son he had thought dead for three years. The previous week, in a well-known literary and artistic club in London, an even stranger thing happened. An old member, of great age and almost blind, entered the hall. The porter, who was talking with a middle-aged man, said to him, "Perhaps this gentleman can help you." The middle-aged stranger then explained that he had been in the colonies since boyhood, had for many years lost touch with his family, and now, on returning to England, wanted to find his father and his sisters. The old gentleman, a famous musician in his day, told him that his father had died nearly twenty years ago. He told him where he was buried. He could tell him also that his sisters were married, and to whom they were married, the husband of one being a man well-known in the theatrical profession. It was a strange example of the wandering Englishman and the stable English club, which seems to survive even the stable English home.

Club Yarns

Talking of clubs, it is surely rash for a man who is not a member to print stories of a famous club giving names and all details. Sir Henry Lucy, in his interesting diary just published, tells a story of a famous scientist who protested against guests being admitted into the Athenæum by pushing his chair into the midst of a dinner-party and proceeding to read a newspaper. The story has been contradicted, and friends of the late famous man of science have protested that he was incapable of such rudeness. Sir Henry Lucy can only say he heard it from a member of the club in the presence of two other members, who did not contradict it. Quite so. But if you print club yarns told you in clubs, it is



GOOD-BYE-EE ! By Fred Buchanan

(And we'll hope, at least, it isn't a Phœnix !)

Lloyd George and the Miner: "Let's burn the ugly brute!"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

well to omit the names. If it s a good story it will still be good, though, perhaps, not quite so piquant.

Another Story

HERE is a story told of the same club. The Bishop rang for his tea. When the venerable Brown served it, the Bishop, nodding towards the only other occupant of the room, who was, apparently, having a little nap over the book which he held on his knee, said, "I think, Brown, you had better have the Admiral removed; his people may be getting anxious about him, and he died last Tuesday." If I were to name the Bishop and the Admiral, there would, naturally, be much protest. Brown's name was not Brown, and if there be an old waiter at the Athenæum whose name *is* Brown, I declare, most strenuously, that it was not he.

An Indian Prince for Oxford

IF women, as *The Isis* gloomily prophesies, are going to frighten all the men from Oxford and turn it into an entirely female institution, it looks as though they will get help from a source hitherto untapped. I see that the son of H.H. the Maharaj-Rana of Jhalawar has come from India and is going to Oxford to read for his degree in the ordinary way. Indians of all tints and ranks are familiar enough in Oxford, but this young prince is bringing his wife who will "study privately."

High Example

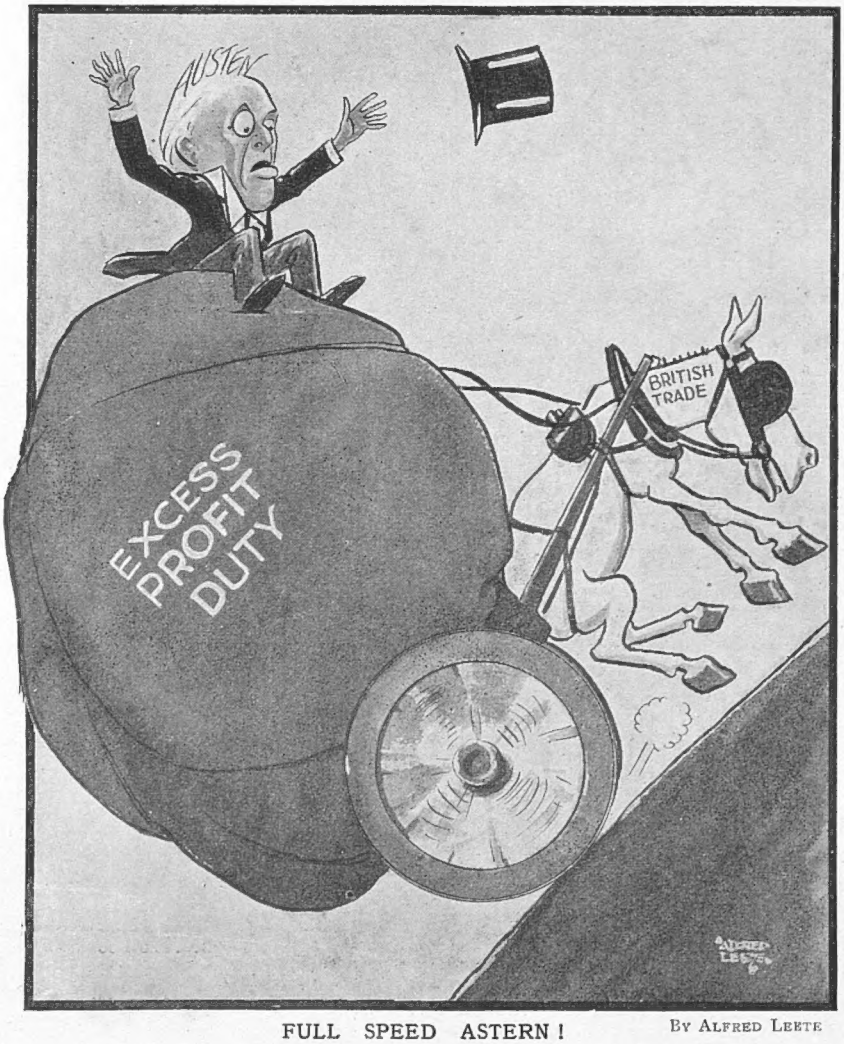
THIS is the first Rajput lady of princely family to abandon the *purdah* system and come to England with her husband. With such a high example we may expect others to follow, and if Oxford prove as attractive to the Indian woman as it undoubtedly is to the man, there will be almost no limit to the supply of wealthy young "undergraduettes," as *The Isis* calls them, from what is still our great dependency.

"G.K.C."—and the Pubs

SOME time ago I suggested here that the control of liquor and all things concerned with it should be handed over to Mr. G. K. Chesterton, Mr. Hilaire Belloc, and Mr. E. B. Osborne. More than ever am I of that opinion. Last week Mr. Chesterton lectured on "Pubs and Institutes." What a beautiful subject! He appealed for the resuscitation of the public-house sign. If it represents Lord Nelson, says Mr. Chesterton, it should not be executed, according to an artists' conception, but rather resemble a figure in a child's toy theatre.

The Brewer's Name

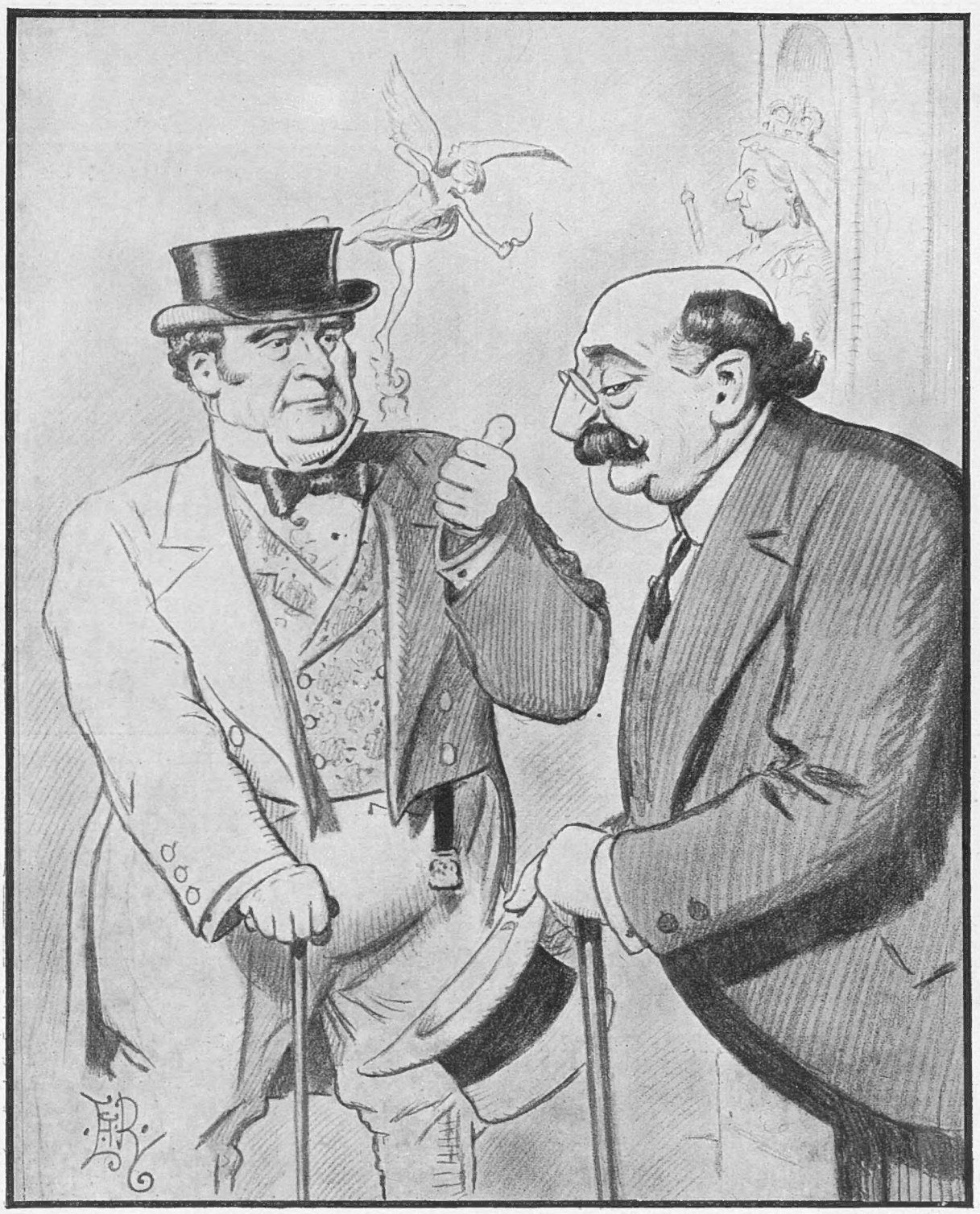
HOW exactly right Mr. Chesterton always is on these topics. I am sure he would prevent the brewers from disfiguring our beautiful old country pubs with their hideous sign-boards. No matter how "right" the public-house sign may be, it is killed and all the external beauty of the place marred by these glaring boards bearing the names of the brewers and their, doubtless delectable, beers. Good beer, like good wine, needs no bush.



FULL SPEED ASTERN! By Alfred Leete

November Sport

THE break in the season will have given stables which were suffering from coughing and heel bug epidemics a month ago a fair chance of getting over their troubles. Mr. George Lambton tells me that his horses are doing well now after their bad time, and Alec Taylor's lot have a cleaner bill of health. These stables should be prominent when racing begins again—as it probably will—next week. Taylor has a couple at the head of the Newbury Autumn Handicap, fixed to be run at the end of the present week, and one of them, Manilardo, must have a big chance if in his best form. I should, however, not be surprised to see Brance win this race for Sir James Buchanan. He ran extremely well in the Cesarewitch, and the fairly



By E. T. Reed

AFTER "RESTORING" (!) STONEHENGE, WHY NOT LONDON?

John Bull (*to Sir Alfred Mond, First Commissioner of Works*): "Well, Sir Alfred, how much longer am I to put up with Gilbert's 'Eros' (at Piccadilly Circus) with half a bow, and Queen Victoria (on the Temple Bar Memorial) with a grossly caricatured nose? Come, get a move on!"

stiff mile and a half course at Newbury should suit him. Some interesting nurseries and other important stakes figure on the Newbury programme, but it is not of much use to discuss them until things have settled down.

The Weather

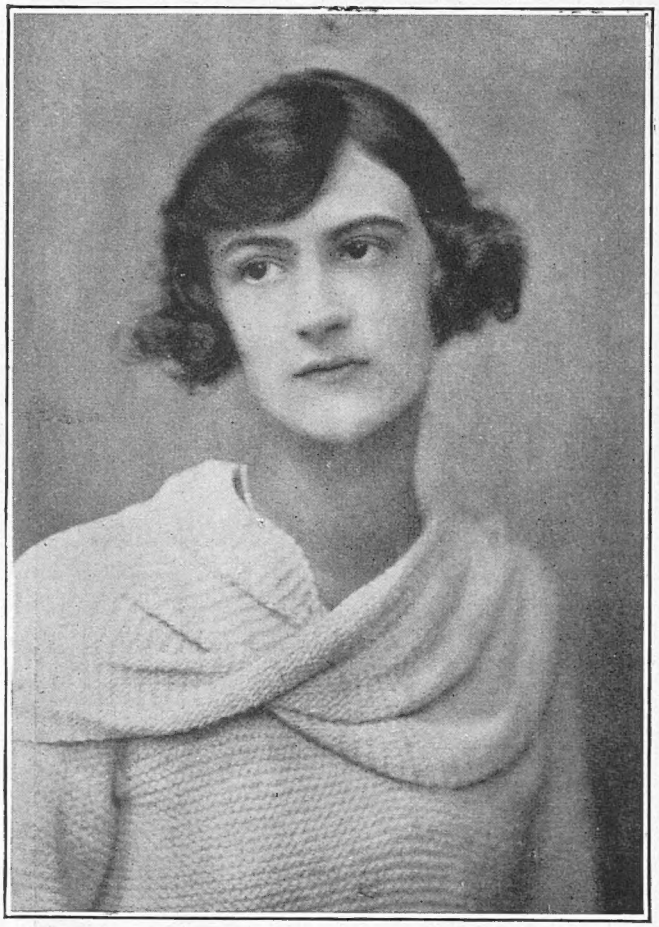
What a fine October! And what a pity that D.O.R.A. would not allow the brewers to brew one equally fine!

Our Mine-onaires!

I suppose the miners were the only people who could afford a two-shilling "loaf," even for a short while. But, then, I suppose we shall have to pay for it in the long run.

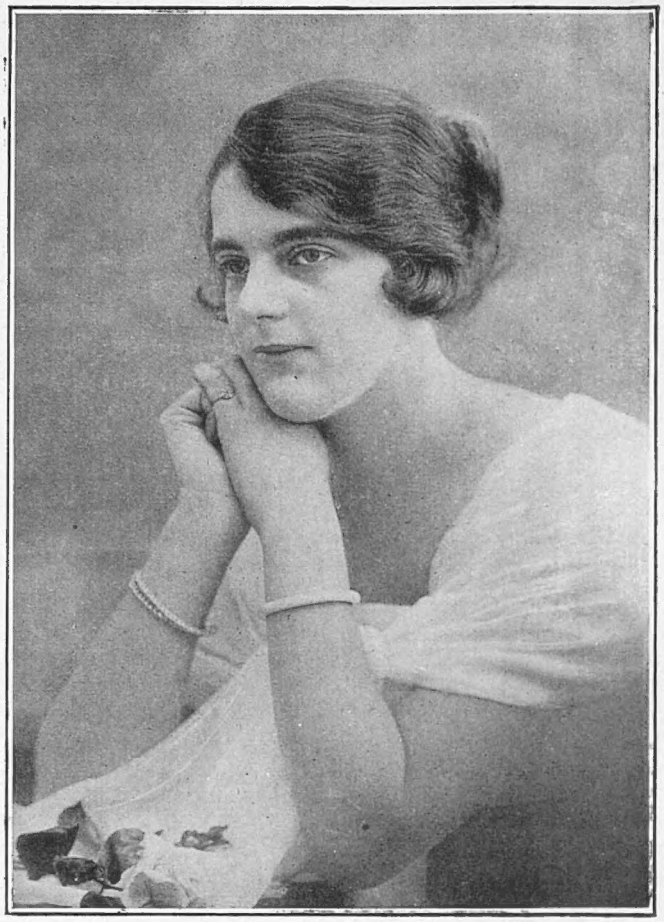
Our Motor Supplement

With this issue is presented a Special Motor Supplement dealing with the Motor Show at Olympia and the White City.



Photograph MISS HELEN CECIL *E. O. Hoppé*

Daughter of the late Lord Edward Cecil, whose engagement to Captain the Hon. Alexander Hardinge, M.C., of the Grenadier Guards, was announced recently. Her fiancé is the only son of Lord Hardinge of Penshurst



Photograph THE HON. CICELY MOLESWORTH *Bassano*

Younger daughter of Viscount Molesworth, who is engaged to be married to Mr. Arthur C. Nugent, late of the 5th Lancers, eldest son of the late Major Nugent and Mrs. Nugent of Rostrevor, Co. Down

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

An Imperial Tragedy

No member of our Royal family experienced so many bitter tragedies as the Dowager Grand-Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, known for so many years as the Duchess of Edinburgh. Her father, the Tsar Alexander II., was assassinated; the same fate befell her brother, the Grand-Duke Serge; we know the fate of her nephew, the late Tsar; another of her brothers, the Grand Duke Paul, was shot in Petrograd last year.

Her husband, who succeeded to the Grand-Ducal Throne of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha on the death of his uncle—the Prince Consort's brother—in 1893, seven years later himself ended a life made intolerable by physical suffering. Only a short time before, their only son had died at Mürren under circumstances that left little doubt as to the cause.

The late Duchess was never popular in England. She was a charming, well-read woman, and when, as Duchess of Edinburgh, she lived at Eastwell Park, she made many friends. She shone in intimacy, but in public her manner was constrained and distant, a failing in her youthful training she could never overcome.

When she came to England in 1874 after her marriage, Queen Victoria met her, and they drove side by side through London. The young Duchess of Edinburgh sat stiff, rigid, and unsmiling as they passed through the crowds of cheering people.

"Bow, my dear, bow!" urged Queen Victoria.

But in Russia it was the strict etiquette that when the Sovereign was present he alone acknowledged the plaudits of the people. The bride was sitting unresponsive out of deference to her mother-in-law, and she could not understand that she must acknowledge the welcome.

Repeated injunctions from Queen Victoria brought jerky, nervous nods to right and left. An impression of aloofness was made on the public that was never effaced, for the Duchess could never overcome the Imperial Russian imperturbability in public.

Hereditary Peeresses

When you come to think of it, there is an anomaly in a peeress who is only a peeress in virtue of marriage, like Lady Astor, being able by law to sit in the House of Commons, whilst peeresses in their own right cannot sit in the House of Lords. If women have the right to sit in Parliament, how can the right be confined to one House?

Photograph *Topical*

THE NEW KING OF GREECE?

Prince Paul of Greece, the dead King's younger brother, who has been invited to succeed to the Throne of Greece

Lady Rhondda has raised the question by a petition to the King claiming her right as an hereditary peeress to sit in the House of Lords. Votes for women, and women Members of Parliament, suggest that only one sauce can be applied to both — Houses. But, all the same, I wonder how many of the eighteen ladies who are peeresses in their own right would ever go to the Gilded Chamber as legislators ?

I would venture a bet—five only. And these, Lady Rhondda, Lady Wolseley, Lady Roberts, Lady Barton, and Lady Strathcona.

The Londonderry Wedding

LORD and Lady Londonderry have been very wise in fixing upon Durham for their daughter's wedding. It is in the heart of their own country. The marriage will be a holiday for thousands of North-country folk, and for all the Londonderry colliers and tenants. Lady Maureen will go to her wedding through streets thronged with people to whom the name of her family stands for affection, interest, and well-doing. It is a pity that other of our territorial magnates have not done the same. "Fashionable" weddings at St. Margaret's, Westminster, or St. George's, Hanover Square, are all very well, but when the daughters of great houses are wed the territorial link is bound more closely if they marry on their fathers' land. And the binding of the link is more than ever necessary in these days.

Black Tie or White Tie

I FIND a goodly number of my young men acquaintances deeply perturbed in their minds as to the ethics of black ties and white ties for the evening. Some of them complain that whichever of the twain they wear they find themselves wrong. Since I have been asked to pontificate, I suggest the following rules:

For the country, black tie and dinner-jacket.

For the theatre, black tie and dinner-jacket.

For a bachelor dinner, black tie and dinner-jacket.

For a dinner party, white tie, tail coat, and white waistcoat.

For a dance, white tie, tail coat, and white waistcoat.

For an evening party, white tie, tail coat, and white waistcoat.

There are pitfalls, of course, such as an invitation to "dine with us quietly; only just ourselves," and you arrive in a black tie to find a dinner of eighteen, and yours the only dinner-jacket at the table. But whatever the other men wear you can't be wrong if you wear a white tie and swallow-tails when you know ladies will be there. If the other Johnnies wear black ties and dinner jackets, they are wrong, not you.

Photograph **LADY RHONDDA** [*Swaine*

Who will be a stall holder at the fair being organised by the Duchess of Chateau Thierry in aid of the Dr. Elsie Inglis memorial fund

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

CAPTAIN W. J. MILLS AND HIS BRIDE

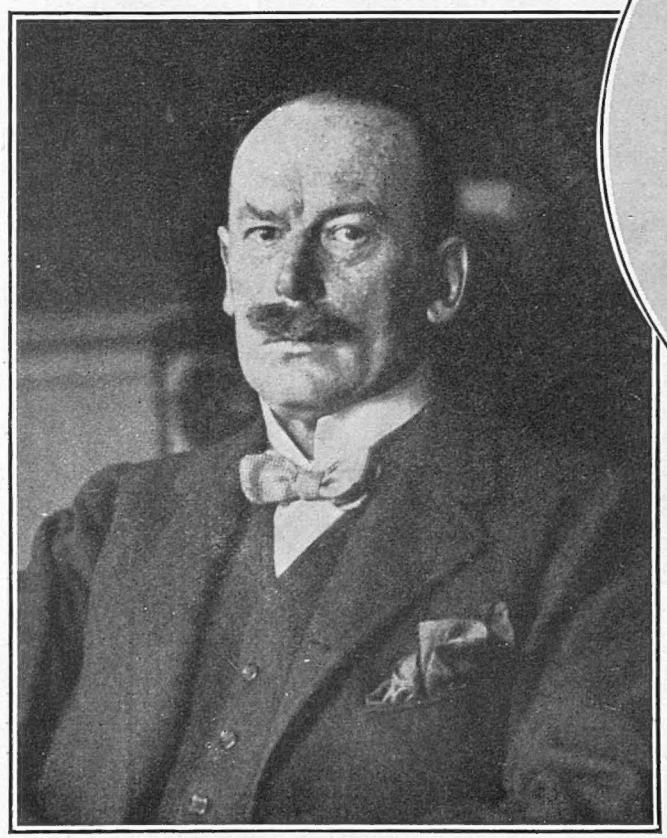
The Hon. Mrs. Fitzalan Howard, widowed daughter-in-law of Lord Howard of Glossop, who were married in London last week. The bridegroom is a son of Sir James Mills

Hunting Prospects

I HEAR that some Masters of Hounds are rather worried

Photo] "W.H.S." CELEBRATE THEIR CENTENARY [*G.P.U.*

A photograph taken at the dinner given last week by the Newspaper Proprietors Association in honour of the completion of the centenary of the famous firm of W. H. Smith and Son. Lord Burnham presided, and on his right standing is Lord Hambledon, the present Chairman of "W.H.S."



Photograph] VISCOUNT HAMBLEDON [*Photo Press*

Head of the famous firm of W. H. Smith & Son, whose centenary was celebrated last week

Photograph] CAPTAIN THE HON. PIERS LEGH [*Topical*

Equerry to the Prince of Wales, whose engagement to the Hon. Mrs. Shaughnessy, daughter of the late Judge Bradford of Nashville, Tennessee, has just been announced. Captain Legh is the younger son of Lord Newton, and has accompanied the Prince on his recent world tour

about memberships, especially those of the smaller packs within reach of London. In pre-war days a lot of men hunted from London, keeping their horses in the country and going down for a run one or two days a week. The War and taxation have made this impossible now for a good number. In addition, guests can no longer be mounted by kindly hosts as of yore. There's another factor, too, in the decrease of hunting men. Hundreds—younger sons—who always got a day's hunting here or there every week throughout the

season have emigrated since demobilisation.

We don't see much difference in London, but the gaps made in the country by deaths in the War and departure overseas is startling in some districts. Add to this the selling of so many properties, and you can estimate the feelings of some of the M.F.H.

Making a Start

IN most countries opening meets are being brought off this week and next. Huntsmen and hounds have been hampered by hard ground and bad scenting conditions lately, but those are ancient troubles during cubhunting, and sport in the regular season is not likely to be much the worse. Those responsible for keeping the sport going are awaiting the results of the season with considerable curiosity—not so much from the standpoint of runs and sport, but rather from the point of view of finance. It is no secret that Hunt Committees and Secretaries were disappointed with the turn-out in the Shires last season.

A Bairnsfather Wedding

ON August 24 last, at Gulmarg, Kashmir, Captain T. D. Bairnsfather, of the Royal Warwicks, younger brother of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather, was married to Miss Eleanor Hardy Tipping, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Llewellyn Tipping. The bridegroom is at present A.D.C. and Military Secretary to Major-General Sir George Barrow, but he will shortly vacate this appointment to take up that of second-in-command of the 2nd Battalion of the 12th Pioneers, a recently raised Indian regiment, with the rank of major. During the War Captain Bairnsfather was A.D.C. to Lieut.-General Sir Richard Haking, and saw service on the Western Front and in Italy. He was mentioned in despatches for his Italian service, and received the Order of Chevalier of the Crown of Italy. Soon after his appointment to the staff during the War, his brother, Bruce, drew the delightful cartoon of him which is reproduced on this page.

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"THERE IS SOMETHING LIKE THIS SOMEWHERE IN INDIA"

I don't know him very well. He comes to our house sometimes. He has, what ladies call, "Got on so well, you know."—MY BROTHER!

CAPTAIN AND MRS. T. D. BAIRNSFATHER

Leaving the church after their wedding, which took place recently at Gulmarg, Kashmir. Mrs. Bairnsfather was, before her marriage, Miss Eleanor Tipping. Captain T. D. Bairnsfather is the younger brother of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather

A Bride of the Adelphi

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

MISS YVONNE ARNAUD

Whose marriage to Mr. Hugh McLellan took place last week. Mr. McLellan is the only son of the late Mr. C. M. S. McLellan, author of "The Belle of New York," which he wrote under the name of Hugh Morton. Miss Arnaud made her first appearance on any stage in "The Quaker Girl" at the Adelphi in 1911, and has recently been playing at that theatre—surely her "lucky" one!—in "The Naughty Princess"

THE NAUGHTY PRINCESS

AT THE ADELPHI

By "JINGLE." *Illustrated by* MACMICHAEL

THEY call it "Opéra Bouffe," which, I am told, is the French for "Comic Opera," which, in its turn, is the glorified name for musical comedy on more than usually ambitious lines. But whatever you call it, you will have to admit that it is an entertainment of the grandiose brand. For the musical enthusiast, Cuvillier's contribution to the show will be alone worth the price of admission; while to the ordinary playgoer who likes his fun seasoned with light and agreeable melodies the production is an ideal one. The scenery must have cost quite a lot of money, while the prodigal magnificence of that part of it devoted to the "Quat'z Arts" Ball might well bring a gasp of pleasurable astonishment from the oldest inhabitant of the playgoing world. It is as Lewis Carroll might have said, simply "frabjus." The first scene is laid in the kingdom of Panoplia, which might be anywhere, though it probably isn't; but in the second act we get as far away as Paris is, and then, of course, we know where we are.

THE "Naughty Princess" is Sophia, daughter of King Michael the First. Her naughtiness seems to consist of pining to have a good time in defiance of court etiquette. She is officially affianced, for dynastic reasons, to a Prince of the name of Gospodar; but he is, to begin with, anyway, a gloomy, moody sort of person, and not at all the kind of *fiancé* for a Princess who keeps the key of her library in her stocking and laments that nobody should ever want it in a hurry when she is too busy to dive for it herself. Even the Princess's *duenna*, a dignified and well-nourished lady approaching middle-age, admits that in Panoplia the court ceremonial is a trifle overdone. Indeed, she herself expresses a longing to shock somebody by doing "the splits," and after that you would think anything might happen.

THE "Naughty Princess" yearns for romance with an artist. I was not previously aware that artists are such romantic people as all that, but perhaps familiarity breeds a lack of observation, or something of that sort. The idea, formulated at a Panoplian Cabinet meeting, is that the Princess should be allowed to have her fling, so that she may afterwards settle down and help the country to do the same, as it is an open secret that the entire army, consisting of one hundred and thirty officers and men, is seriously disaffected. I suppose if the attenuated Army of Panoplia had broken out badly the authorities would have adopted Bismarck's remedy, and called out the police and the fire-engines to restore order. The Cabinet meeting decides to send the Princess to Paris (with a chaperon, of course). The King thinks he would like to go as well, and if any questions are asked they can easily say he has gone to Paris to try and raise a loan. I have never tried to borrow money in Paris, but I should fancy it is a job that would occupy the hours of a very full working day.

LILY ST. JOHN AND GEORGE GROSSMITH

AT this stage of the proceedings we may introduce Prince Ladislas without being laid open to the charge of rushing the job in any way. Ladislas is the nephew of King Michael, and he is trotted out and told that he is to pretend that he is an artist, and flirt mildly with the Princess, and, if possible, sock into the proceedings a little of the romance which her soul craves. Ladislas is told that he must behave like an artist, but only up to a certain point. (Anyone would think the author of this opera had once got lost in Chelsea on a birthday night.) It is just about here that King Michael, Mr. W. H. Berry, has his polysyllabic ditty, "Babazoum and Gospodar," which is amusingly sonorous. It reminded me of the American politician who referred to his rival's conduct as simply "menjiloperous," and who admitted afterwards that there probably wasn't such a word, but it sounded good, anyway.

LADISLAS (Mr. Grossmith) is, however, so quiet and unassuming that the Princess cannot believe he is a real artist, and when he attempts to make a sketch of her she is sure of it. If, however, Ladislas is a bit slow in the uptake, as it were, the Princess is quite the opposite. She is, indeed, so generous with her advances that if the young man had been a real artist I feel sure he would have gone out there and then to borrow the necessary number of half-crowns for a variegated dinner in Soho to begin with. He tells her that his name is Hippolyte Flammèche. It is, as a fact, the name of an artist he once heard of in Paris, but, as he never expects to meet the gentleman in real life, he feels he may safely borrow the name for the convenience of the moment. As it happens, the party no sooner get to Paris than the real Hippolyte is observed in the offing, as it were. The "Naughty Princess" is asked by some ladies who it is that is taking her to the "Quat'z Arts" Ball, and when she replies that it is Hippolyte Flammèche they tell her

that he is really a dreadful person who has a new wife every week, or thereabouts. Must have been in the Army! And then a charming young lady named Chiquette comes forward and announces that she was married to Hippolyte that very morning, and she thinks that he is giving what you might call a pretty early display of inconstancy.

BEFORE the ball scene, Mr. Berry, who is now a king in mufti, does his best to ginger up the young man by showing him how to butt into a flirtation with a minimum of preliminaries. This scene is in Mr. Berry's best and most unctuous style, while Mr. Grossmith generously contents himself with acting merely as the foil for his leading comedian's versatile humour. The duet they sing together, "What We'll Do," is one of the hits of the evening, and, no doubt, encore verses are now being written up for it with feverish haste. It looks as if they will be needed. The part of Gospodar, the official *fiancé*, is taken by M. Leon Morton, who does not, however, get much of a show till the second act. It surprises me, by the way, that M. Morton should have so much difficulty with the English language, as he has been with us for some years now. Even to those familiar with foreign accents his remarks are not always intelligible. I remember seeing Mr. George Grossmith in Paris some years ago, and he spoke his French lines quite successfully, so that even French people could understand them. And that, I suppose, is the ideal of the linguist. So it seems to me that M. Morton might take a pull at himself and try and master the English as she is spoke, especially as he appears to have been given some witty lines that are worth hearing in their entirety.

THE "Naughty Princess" herself is most happily represented by Miss Lily St. John, with the graceful high kick thrown in. But she has a sweet voice, and her song, "I'm in Love with Love," is received with very proper enthusiasm. I gather that lots of girls will be singing it this winter on the chance of being overheard by a likely chap who is not above taking a hint. Mr. Grossmith, disguised out of all recognition, has the properly responsible air of an artist who realises that he is in Opéra Bouffe and not a mere musical play. He acts with more restraint than is usual with him, and his singing is likewise more ambitious. He remains easily the leading figure of the cast, and as he has, apparently, found out the secret of eternal youth, he makes the ideal lover when the right moment comes. Mr. W. H. Berry is, of course, a host in himself. Whether he is just singing comic songs or interpolating his clever gags, laughter and applause follow him throughout the evening like his shadow. *The Naughty Princess* is a production of unusual merit that does honour to all concerned with it. JINGLE

A LONG-FELT WANT AT LAST SUPPLIED! By C. E. B. Bernard

Saving Prussland by Science

BY THE BYSTANDER AT BERLIN

THE Herr Professor Dr. Med., Jur., Phil., et Sc., and the Herr Privat-Docent, who is a sort of half-baked professorlet, are saving Prussland. Look out for the Herr Professor Dr. Med., Jur., Phil, et Sc.

HEINRICH HEINE, who gibed of the Frankfurt Parliament: "Seventy Professors in it! The Vaterland is lost!"; bad Otto Bismarck, who grimly derided dons; and all other dull disparagers of Prussic Scholarship, would eat their words if they could see how the Herr Professor is saving Germany. Yes; even that ribald Carolina Yankee would recant, of whom the story is told; "What would you do," he asked a Northern Yank, "if you were introduced to the Negro Apostle, Booker T. Washington?". "I'd say, 'Good morning, Mr. Washington,'" replied the Northerner. "I couldn't do that," objected the Carolina man. "I couldn't say 'Mister' to a nigger" 'But you'd have to say something," insisted the Northerner. The Carolina man hesitated a moment, and answered doubtfully, "Guess I might go as far as, 'Good morning, *Professor* Washington.'"

THE fact is the Prussic professor's beneficently on top; far more beneficently than when those tough Pan-German pedagogues Adolf Wagner and Schmoller professorially brewed the World-War. Every Pruss looks to the Dr. Med., Jur., Phil. et Sc. for salvation. When the Berlin Bystander last week inspected a by no means considerable coal-distillation works at Muelheim on the smutty Ruhr, he learned that three professors were on the pay-roll.

AND that's happening everywhere. To solve the Coal Problem, the Food Problem, the Iron Problem, the Fertiliser Problem, the Dye Problem—but post-War Prussland is a Universal Problem—hundreds of professors and thousands of Privat-Docents are at work. And the Universal Problem is being triumphantly solved.

THE Herr Professor has solved the Coal Problem. With it he has solved the Oil Problem, which is tougher still; for Germany has no mineral oils at all except a few beer-bottles-full at Wietze in Hanover; and that will be consumed in half a dozen years. In ten years—if only the Herr Professor keeps at it assiduously—Germany will have more Coal and more Oil than she needs, and she will be able to laugh at the Versailles Treaty, the spasmy Spa Agreement, the oil-monopolising Yank: and all other institutions and individuals upon whose merciful graces she now in humiliation depends.

BROWN Coal—*Braunkohl*—is the arcanum of the Herr Professor. A year ago every Pruss despised Brown Coal, which is an unattractive cross between the best Newcastle and the soppiest Irish turf, and which sprawls so ultra-abundantly in Central Germany

(Continued on page 328)

The Poor Old Guy!

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

HAD HE LIVED TO-DAY!

The celebrated explosive comedian, Guy Fawkes, signing a contract for a tour in Ireland at £300 a week

SAVING PRUSSLAND BY SCIENCE (concluded)

and around Cologne that no man ever considered it worth anything. Brown Coal could not be used for anything but briquet-making, for it contains 50 per cent. of water; and it does not pay to transport 50 per cent. of water on over-crowded railways.

So the Professor has devised a dozen different ways of transmuting Brown Coal into precious products on the spot. He is turning out high-value brown-coal coke, brown-coal gas, brown-coal tar, benzine, paraffin naphthaline, vaseline, dyes; and most, precious of all, he is distilling an illuminating oil that beats anything you'd find in J. D. Rockfeller's study lamp.

Germany's biggest oil company, the Deutsche Erdoel, says that within ten years Germany will not need to import a drop of petroleum or benzine. It will all be squeezed out of brown coal. And she will import no lubricants. Early in lively 1916, Ludendorff's whole war-machine threatened to smash because there was no oil for railway axles. The General Staff bid the Professors and the Erdoel Company extract lubricants from brown-coal; and they did it. To-day the brown-coal oil output doubles every four months.

The Prussic Professor is solving the Food-Problem. He is making his Vaterland unblockadeable. Not merely by manufacturing mountains of synthetic nitre—the Badische Aniline Company alone produces 300,000 tons a year. But he has also found means to treble the vegetable food output by turning to use the ugliest of waste-products. He is "carbonising" plants with furnace gas.

By Harry Woolley

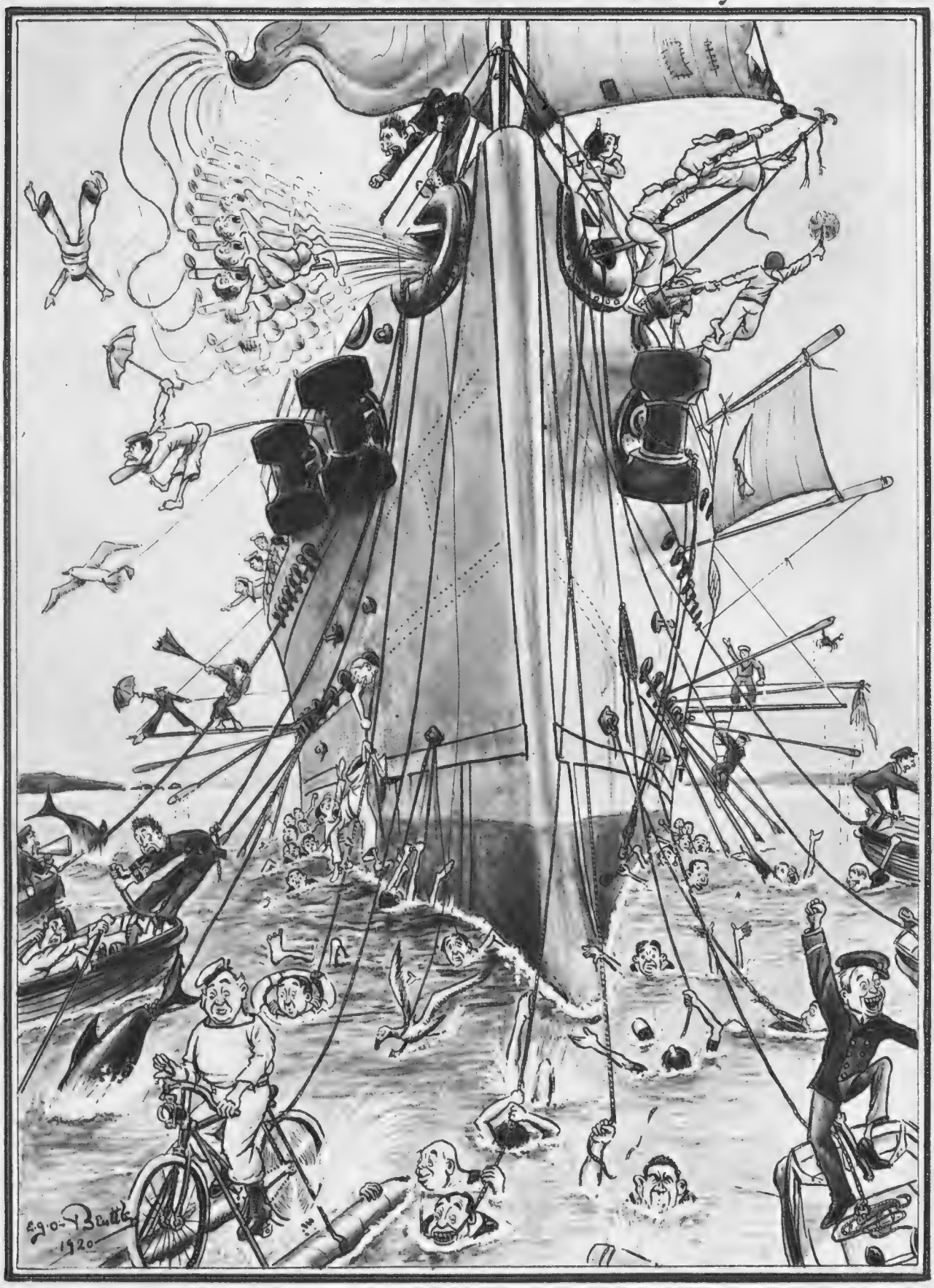
THE THING TO DO WITH THE CAR-STEALER

The Herr Prof. who does this is Riedel. Riedel reasoned that the atmosphere does not really contain enough carbonic acid gas for plant-growth—millions of years back, when the atmosphere was charged with carbonic acid, grew the much more luxuriant plants of the Carboniferous Age. "Restore the Carboniferous Age!" said Riedel. So he has turned the—purified—gases from blast-furnaces into fields and raised potatoes, tomatoes, turnips—in fact, everything vegetable—double or treble its normal size. And he proved that the gases produced in turning out 1,000 tons of pig-iron will convert 4,000 tons of potatoes into 12,000 tons.

And now the same Herr Professor proclaims that all the waste gases from all Germany's industrial plants will treble the national food output. This discovery is to be put into practice.

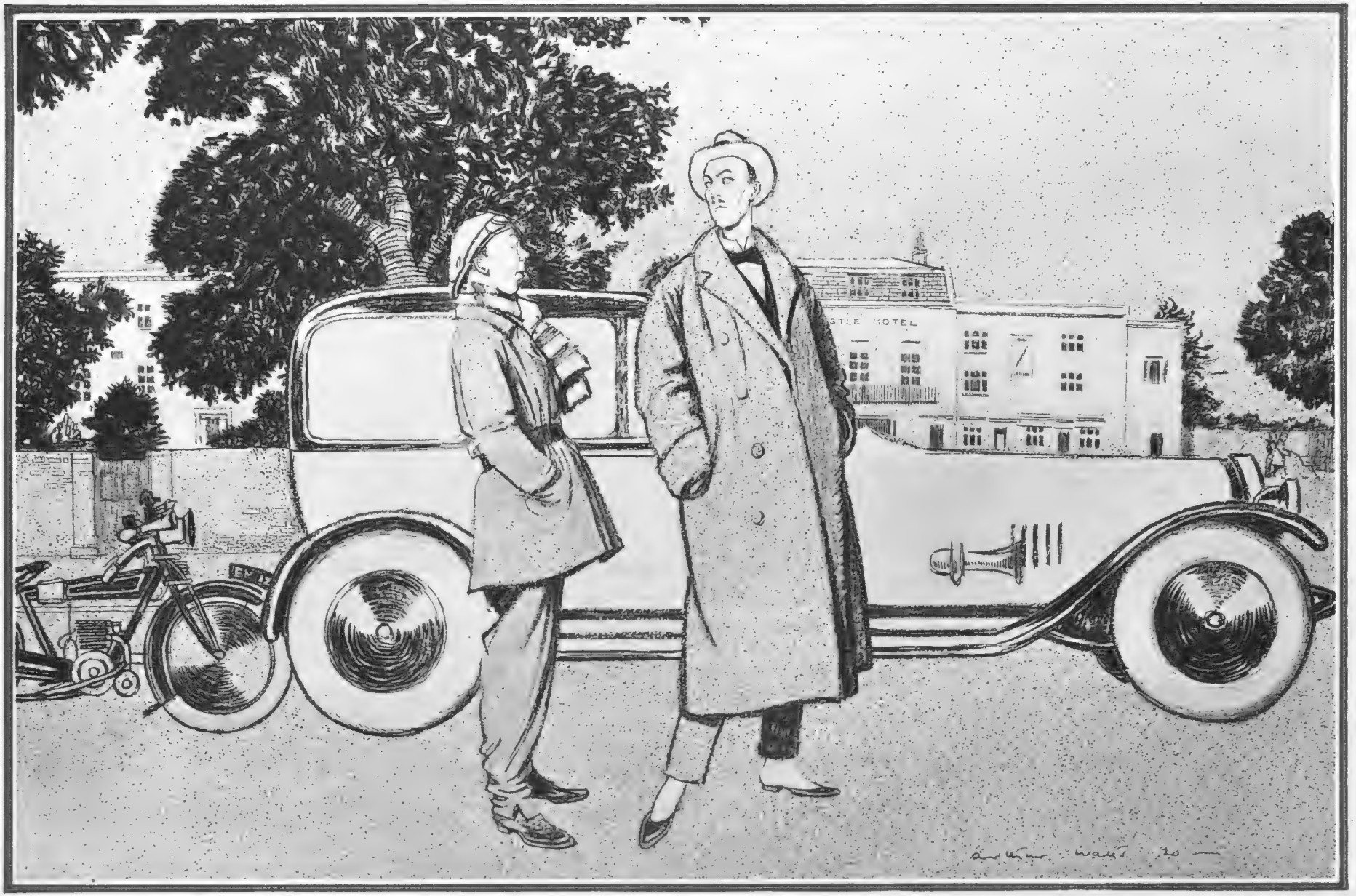
When that is done, the burden of Versailles will be a mere feather-weight on the expanded Prussic back.

Our Peace-Time Navy



BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. IV.—A DREADNOUGHT PUTTING TO SEA DURING THE COAL STRIKE



"BROTHERS OF THE ROAD"

BY ARTHUR WATTS

The Bystander in Paris

Illustrated by Marcel Poncin.

"But this is no longer very interesting"

PAINT AND PLAYS

MES AMIS—

THE Cubism doesn't exist any more. It has died from the effect of having been too wonderful and at the *vernissage* of the autumn *Salon* how everyone has declared: "But this is no longer very interesting. One can understand what the pictures mean and does not have to guess." The ones who talked like that were really very disappointed because now that everyone understands what the pictures mean they cannot any longer stand in front of the wonderful canvases of the Cubists and say how beautiful they are, and worry their friends by appearing to understand and appreciate what others who are not so spiritual can't even pretend to understand.

THERE have been only about half a dozen pictures of the Cubists, and even they didn't look very wild. But it is like all revolutions. The Cubism and the other things have ended, and have made their effect, which stays. Even the Bolshevism, one supposes, will do that in time. It will become out of fashion, like the Cubists' figures of women with square eyes and other parts, but it will have existed for some good reason.

IT is curious how every *vernissage* is just like another. There is, in fact, nothing ever quite so like another thing. One sees so exactly the same people, and they say exactly the same things, only a little differently. Even most of the pictures seem the same, though this year there were more than ever before. One could see only a few because there were so many of the others. Everyone, it seems, has this summer been very busy painting, and, of course, there are all the foreign people who come to Paris to paint and have a success here because we are so charitable. Even there has been one successful one who has had her pictures hung who was last year a model. Always since she has gone to the studios she has watched how it was done, and now she paints herself, and has more success than ever the pictures which other people painted of her had in the past.

"She has watched how it was done"

THE artists are really so much better off than the authors. Almost always they can succeed to have their pictures exhibited somewhere, and it is only very rarely that it happens, as it did to one poor fellow of the Quartier, that he sent ten pictures and every one has been returned to him on the same cart on which they were sent. Now he comforts himself that perhaps they were too big, and the Committee didn't hang them because there wasn't room in the Grand Palais, and he goes to have a private exhibition of his own.

BUT with us poor authors it is different.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

We write so beautiful plays and the theatre managers will not read them. That is why we have all joined the Union of Authors and are having the strike in the theatres. The old ones, the Society of Dramatic Authors, have had all the business to themselves while we have made the war, and now there is no room for us. Ourselves we can't make the strike, but the actors are magnificent. The night that it has happened I have been to the Cluny theatre. Everyone has enjoyed so much the first act. The *concierges* of the Quartier and the grocers and butchers who have made so big profits that now they go always to the *fauteuils d'orchestre* where they used to go to the gallery have laughed till their tears have run.

"In the gallery they have begun to be rude"

o

It has been the middle of the second act. Suddenly it showed itself that something has been wrong. The people on the stage have begun to laugh and not to speak their parts. Then they have walked off and the curtain has come down slowly. Some of the fat ones have thought that there has been a fire, but in a minute the manager has come and said how infinitely he has regretted it, but everyone in the building had gone on strike. At first no one has believed him.

o

In the *fauteuils* there has been one fat one who has begun the quarrel. "*Mais voyons c'est un tour de cochon,*" he has cried, and he has brandished his stick. How many thousand excuses the manager has made. One had done his impossible, and yet the artists were very stubborn. They refused to act. In the gallery they have begun to be rude, and have called things, forgetting how it is some months they have made a strike on the railways and the autobuses and at the gas to have more money, and have forgotten to take everyone else to the theatre. Someone has called how she must have returned the sixty sous that she has paid for her seat, and then everyone has cried the same thing. "*Rendez notre argent!*" they called, and the poor manager has nearly died when they have shaken their fists at him.

"And the curtain has come down slowly"

o

At last he has got a new actor. It has been Monsieur the Commissaire of Police from the Odéon. He will arrive some day to be very great in the profession of the police or of the stage, because at once he has had such enormous success. "*Messieurs et Dames,*" he has said, "to-morrow at two o'clock you will receive back your money. Now there is *rien à faire* because everyone has decided to act no more to-night. You have all at least the chance that you will get earlier to bed, and the bed it is not a bad place for good citizens." If one had written Cubist plays one could understand how the managers did not wish to perform them. And though one does not expect to have a great success with the strike, still it is something to tell people that there exist in France some young ones who begin to write as amusingly as the old. So, you see, it is not exactly the strike of the theatres that we have had, *c'est la grève de la jeunesse d'après la guerre.* PHILIPPE

Trotsky—and Trotsky's Train

Exclusive to THE BYSTANDER

That leading light (?) of Bolshevic Russia, Trotsky, has his own private railway train, seen above, with "himself" beside it on the right. The fellow in the big travelling-coat and the yachting cap is Vatsesim, who, one gathers, leads the Red Forces to loot and glory on Russia's Western Front

RHYMES of the TIMES

BY E. L. ROBERTS

THE SHORT CUT

(As described in glowing colours by almost any School of Journalism)

THE literary novice who
Was once accustomed to pursue
With flagging steps and slow
Elusive fame, though he defied
Rebuffs, invariably died
Devoid of any "dough."

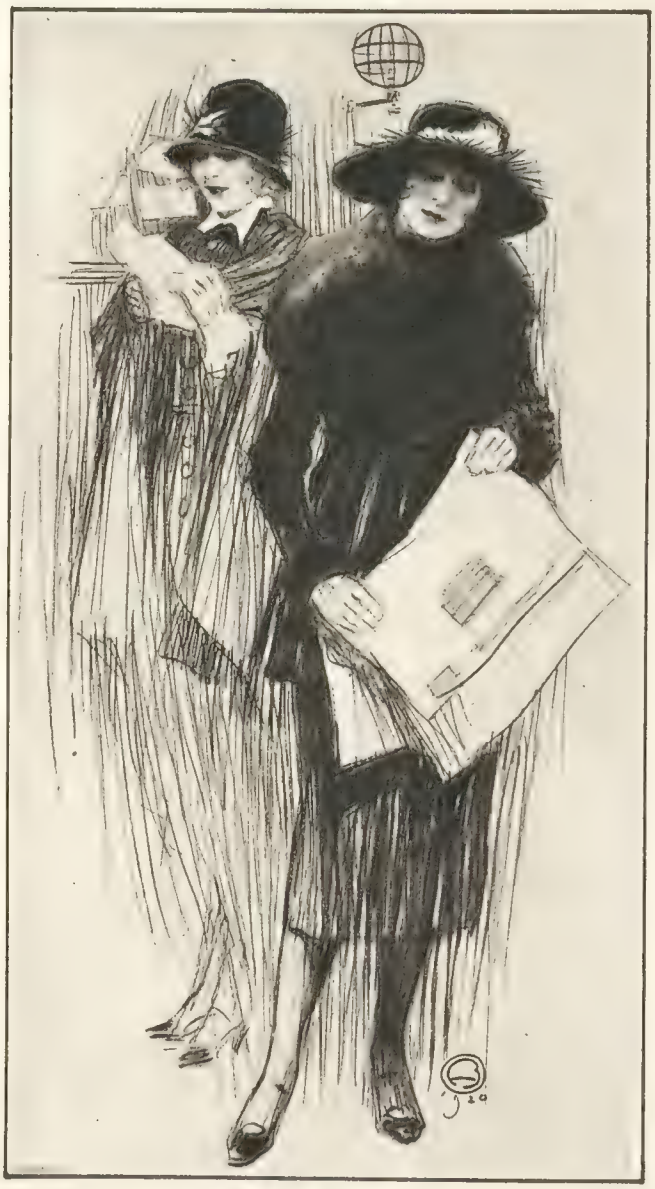
Gone are those days of drudge and drift—
Success in Letters, sure and swift,
Like cookery is taught.
The payment of a modest fee
Ensures returns (of £ s. d.)
For masterpieces wrought.

The crude apprentice simply takes
The "Fiction Course" (six guineas), makes
A note or two, and—well,
The UN-trained men have had their fling,
He soon becomes "The Serial King,"
A greater, grander Dell.

His path is smooth, his lot urbane,
For (see Prospectus) he will gain
Immediate reward.
The chance of failure is remote—
One student owns a real fur coat,
Another runs a Ford!

Live editors will wait in queues
From 10 to 12 to hear his views
On problems that perplex;
While publishers will seek his door
Between the hours of three and four
To pay him thumping cheques.

The thing's a cinch, it is indeed!
Prospectuses are all agreed,
Nothing their ardour damps—
Success awaits the novice . . . yet
He might be well advised to get
A stout supply of STAMPS!



VERY IN-TENSE! By ALBERT BAILEY

"Percy de Cholmondeley told me that Gertie has no future as an actress"
"And Mabel says anyone can have her 'past' as a present"

AS THEY ARE

[*Referring to the girl met at modern dances, Mr. Gilbert Frankau says: "Forty-nine per cent of her will be dressed, the remaining fifty-one per cent. will be powdered."*]

IN the good old pre-War days
When we went to dances,
Madam Fashion seemed to make
Frocks and frills that did not take
1920 chances.
"Edenwear" was not a craze
At the time I mention—
Now our jangled, war-worn nerves
(Like Lucinda's charming curves)
Suffer shocking tension.

Half of her at Lady Blank's,
Connoisseurs affirm, is
Ultra-fashionably dressed
More or less, whereas the rest
Of her epidermis
Moves her swains to proffer thanks,
Loud and ever louder,
To the War-Lord whose decree
Made it possible to be
Broken in to POWDER!

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A (C)lock Out in Tonypandy

BY ALFRED LEETE

HIS WIFE: "Indeed-now-to-goodness-why-haf-you-thrown-away-the-clock?"
THE MINER: "It's-no-goot-whateffer—indeed-it-will-not-strike!"

A Case of Mental Aberration!

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

JOHN: "It was a car just like that that knocked me silly"
MARY: "Nonsense, dear; there weren't any cars like that so long ago!"

By R. B. Fuller

QUOTH THE PETROL MAGNATE, "WHAT A GLORIOUS VIEW!"

COAL! By Ronald Frankau

RAYMOND'S father had been a famous scientist, a well-known pill-maker—or something like that. He had been one of those men who, according to the daily Press, could sign a cheque for a million pounds without a brandy and soda. Raymond had inherited, among other things, the umpteen years' lease of an enormous house near Regent's Park, where the squirrels and nurses are. He had a telephone (Holbard 4547), which one could carry about and use in any room like a standard lamp; also a ripping chafing-dish, some good claret, a bulldog, and other necessities of life. There were imitation Bossi fireplaces in every room except the bathroom and the dining-room, which had gas. Raymond knew they were Bossi, because he had been to the Victoria and Albert Museum. Anyhow, they burned ordinary coal, and he possessed many tons of it when the War—I mean the strike—broke out.

In every way Raymond was most eligible. He was thirty-six, tall, and considered good-looking by "them as likes" a sort of square-chinned face with black hair on top and a thin mouth all on one side from too much pipe-smoking. He was also a successful something, in law, with an office in the city.

Raymond was engaged to Muriel Pope, but it was a one-sided engagement, as Muriel had never yet been known to make up her mind about anything. In this she was not unlike others of her sex. She never made up her face, either, which was not so common.

He 'phoned her from his bathroom on Saturday morning.

"Muriel?"

"Yes, Ray."

"What are you going to do?"

"Shop, and where are you speaking from, and will you carry my parcels?"

"I'm speaking from the bathroom; I've just dried myself, and . . ."

"Most improper! How dare you!"

"Hello! Muriel! Hello! Damn! . . ." He hung up the receiver, and, in a Chinese dressing-gown from Nottingham, carried the instrument to the drawing-room, and started again.

"Hello! Are you there?" etc., etc., for half an hour, while the ladies at the exchange had breakfast. At last he "got on."

"Yes, I'm going to shop," said Muriel, without preliminaries.

"I don't mean *this morning*," sighed Raymond. "What are you going to do about the strike?" Every word was emphasised.

"Well, the *Daily Mail* says. . . ."

"Drat the *Daily Mail*. . . ."

"Sh! Do be careful what you say. Remember the circulation!"

"Do you realise that you won't be able to get any coal—that you probably won't have light, gas, or anything at all in a week or two—that you may—well, you may even catch a cold—that there won't be any dances—that . . ."

"Stop!"

"May I come round and see you about it all, this morning?"

"Yes, please come. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do?" Exit Muriel, sobbing—or, rather, she placed the telephone on one side and returned quickly to her much too hard-boiled egg and the pile of small unpaid bills beside it. Suddenly, the calm voice of her red-faced, devoted "gen'ral."

"Any answer, miss?"

"No," said Muriel, before she had even taken the telegram, "there never is an answer, and it has nothing to do with the telegraph boy if there is."

". . . Home at last will lunch with you Hugh." So read the wire.

. . . .

One of Raymond's cars (the blue one with silver fittings) drove up to the main door of a South Kensington block of flats. Raymond walked through the said door to awaken the lift-man, and incidentally to call on Miss Muriel Pope, top floor, young lady of independant means. (£250 p.a.)

He found her in a blue coat-frock and tears.

"What's the matter, dear?"

"The coal strike . . .and . . . (*sob*) . . . don't call me dear."

"But *you* needn't worry. . . ."

"You told me I'd got to. . . ."

"Marry me, Muriel. I've got fireplaces, Bossi at that, lots and lots and lots of coal, gas in the dining-room . . ."

". . . and bathroom. . . ."

"Yes—telephone, electric light, and a long lease."

Muriel stopped sniffing as suddenly as she had started, which was when she saw the blue car with silver fittings from her window. "You've got a ripping cook," she said, brightly.

"Joking apart, Muriel," began Raymond, taking her shoulders and trying impatiently to shake her into seriousness, "I love you. I believe you love me. Why not make up your mind?"

"I have."

"Well?"

"Ray, I am in debt to the

COAL! (*concluded*)

extent of £21 14*s.* 2*d.*, not including this morning's milk or bread. I hate being alone. I love your car and your house and your Bossi fireplaces. Above all, I love your coal and—er—well—er—I don't know when the strike's going to end. The *Daily*. . . ."

"Will you marry me?"

"Yes." She stopped his impetuous rush with a gesture. "But I don't love you."

"Muriel!"

"Oh, I'm frightfully sorry. I—I *nearly* do. I—I may later. Please don't be unhappy about it. I'm only just twenty-nine. As I grow older. . . ."

"Can't you be serious?"

"Yes, Ray. I will marry you—and hope for the best."

"Suppose I won't marry on those conditions?"

"But you will?"

"Will you lunch with me to celebrate?"

"Sorry, I'm booked, but dinner and a nice funny drama afterwards if I may. . . ."

"Right. I'll fetch you. Good-bye." He stood close to her. "Just one?" He kissed her.

"I do like you very, very much, Ray, honestly . . ." she said while he still held her close; then laughed up at him. "By the way, how many tons of coal have you got?"

"Damn!" said Raymond, and went downstairs. As he climbed into his car another man ran past him to the lift.

The ring at her bell did not startle Muriel. "He must have come back for something," she thought. There was little of the excited anticipation on her face, which Hugh had hoped for, when he was shown in.

"Muzzy!"

"Hugh!"

"You got my wire?"

"Yes—but I don't usually lunch at 11. . . ."

"Pleased to see me?"

"Rather. Why didn't you cable from India?"

"Thought you'd like a surprise." He sat down, still coated, out of breath and happy. He had dreamed of this very room and girl and home-coming for three years.

"Are you home for good?" Her face was in contrast to his—sad, suddenly pale and wondering.

"Yes. Transferred London branch. £300 a year sal., rising yearly in 50*s*. I've got a hundred pounds capital, no debts, nowhere to live yet . . . and—well, there's my story, present and future. You're looking fine, Muzzie. By the way, you're a rotten letter-writer. Any news?"

"Yes. I'm engaged, Hughie."

"Hughie" was thirty, but looked as obviously in love with her as a boy of nineteen might have done. His whole face and attitude changed when she told him she was engaged. Then he looked at her hand.

"No ring?"

"No, you see. . . ."

"When are you to be married?"

"I don't know, you see. . . ."

He interrupted her again: "How long have you been engaged?"

"I've been trying to tell you. Half an hour."

"Congratulations."

"Thanks."

"Well, I'd better be going." He got up—just as the boy of nineteen might have done. He was almost dramatic. So was she.

"Hughie, have a cup of tea?"

"Thanks." He took off his coat and sat down again. Muriel pressed the bell by the fireplace. She knew the bell was out of order.

"A bit chilly, your London," he said, conventionally.

"Yes; sorry I haven't got a fire. I meant to order coal this morning. Doubt if I'll get any now. Raymond says the strike. . . ."

"Is Raymond the name?" asked Hugh, almost Martin Harvey by now.

"Yes. He . . ."

"You got engaged *after* you received my wire?"

"Yes, you see . . ."

"Has he money?"

"Oh, lots—in coal, I think."

"Do you love him?"

"Hugh!"

"I don't believe you do."

"I . . ."

"Look here—whatever else we've been to each other, we've also been frank and jolly good friends. Now answer me, do you love him?" Hugh was growing perceptibly older and more masculine as he spoke. Muriel looked at him hard for almost ten seconds before she answered. Then she smiled and said, quietly, "No."

The cross-examination continued.

"Why did you promise to marry him, then? Because he had money. . . ."

". . . and coal? No, because I loved him."

"I don't understand. You loved him half an hour ago, yet now. . . ." Hugh stopped and suddenly blushed all over his face.

"Hugh, I hadn't seen you for three years, and your letters were no more inspiring than mine seem to have been."

. . . .

Ten minutes later Muriel left the sofa and Hugh and walked, still a little unhappy, towards the telephone. He stopped her before she had touched the receiver.

"I've only got £300 a year—no house—no coal—no. . . ."

"I lose *my* annuity if I marry. We can live on yours, though, and buy an oil stove and pay my debts (£21 14*s.* 2*d.*, not including to-day's rations), out of your £100 capital. This flat's £3 a week and the furniture's mine, and there's a gas range in the kitchen." Without another word she took off the receiver.

"Hello! Holbard 4547, please."

. . . .

They were sitting together in the same room a fortnight later. They had just returned from the registry office.

The red-faced, devoted "gen'ral" came in to them after a shy knock.

"There's two tons of coal just been delivered, miss, madam, mum—and this note."

"Thank you."

"From *him*," asked Hugh, excited.

Muriel nodded, and read aloud:

"DEAR MURIEL,—Sorry I'm so late with a wedding present. Transport was the hindrance, and is getting rather a difficult question these days. Best of luck to you both, and mind you keep warm.—RAYMOND."

"What a brick," said Muriel. "Two tons. . . ."

"Yes. Now, you see, you've got *all* you want without being married to a man you don't love."

"All except a Bossi fireplace," sighed Muriel, regretfully.

"What the deuce is a Bossi fireplace?"

"I don't know," said Muriel.

That Left-Hand Drive

BY HARRY WOOLLEY

IS IT DANGEROUS?

The Fair Cop—

BY HIGGINS

—And the Lucky Crook

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHETTE."

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *November* 1

DEAR COUSIN—

NOVEMBER again . . . almost incredible, isn't it, how lightly, almost imperceptibly, we have slipped once more into the month that the old poets and people always seemed to greet with shiverings and shudders—

November's sky is chill and drear;
November's leaf is red and sere.

卐 卐

IS it, I wonder, because the modern ones are less tied by tradition and see things more freely and broadly and clearly, that they can find beauty in even the "dark" month? And sing of how—

Than these November skies
Is no thing lovelier. The clouds are deep;
Into their grey the subtle spies
Of colour creep.

After all, poets, I suppose, like other writers, do reflect the spirit of their time. And I do believe most of us have, somehow, learned how to be, anyway, just a little more catholic in our tastes than in those not so very long past days when black was always black and white white, and we admired Nature by Academy rules, and Impressionism and things were an unheard-of absurdity.

"An unknown soldier—one of the crowd"

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FOR us of to-day, of course, November must always very specially be a month of joy—and a month of sorrow. Of joy because of the end that came just two years ago, when we'd almost ceased to hope or expect it, to the long years of cruel, bitter fighting, of heroic suffering and of anxious waiting—that, too, was filled well-nigh to the brim with anguish. And of sorrow, for all the tragic memories that next week's anniversary must ever recall—griefs unspeakable, indelibly engraved on so many poor mortally wounded hearts—

The sunlight shall not easily seem fair
To them again. . . .

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THERE is more sorrow in it, alas! than joy. The flush of victory fades away; the dead remain for ever dead, the maimed, the war-shattered, are still with us, while we look round wonderingly for the fruits of the triumph they won for us. Only, to lighten sorrow a little, there is at least—pride. Pride, not only in our own gallant dead, but in that "unknown soldier" to whom, by a noble thought borrowed from our French allies, we shall pay the highest Abbey honours next week, with the King himself as chief mourner.

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AN unknown soldier . . . one of the crowd, the rank and file from farm or shop or factory, whose dogged, uncomplaining heroism seemed, to those who fought by his side, perhaps almost the most wonderful of all. And of whom one of our war-poets so unforgettably wrote—

Was there love once? I have forgotten her.
Was there grief once? Grief yet is mine.
O loved, living, dying, heroic soldier,
All, all, my joy, my grief, my love, are thine.

Even the most determined of our War-forgetters will hardly grudge him his little hour of posthumous glory.

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THOUGH War-books and plays are banned, by the way, War-pictures still survive among the many art shows of the moment, and especially at the Alpine Club exhibition of Mr. Eric Kennington—who first sprang into sudden fame with his "The Kensingtons at Laventie." His pictures of the battlefields and of graves in

"Want to throw their silly old arms round the neck of the horrid and unchanging Hun"

France, with all their sad memories, are really beautifully done.

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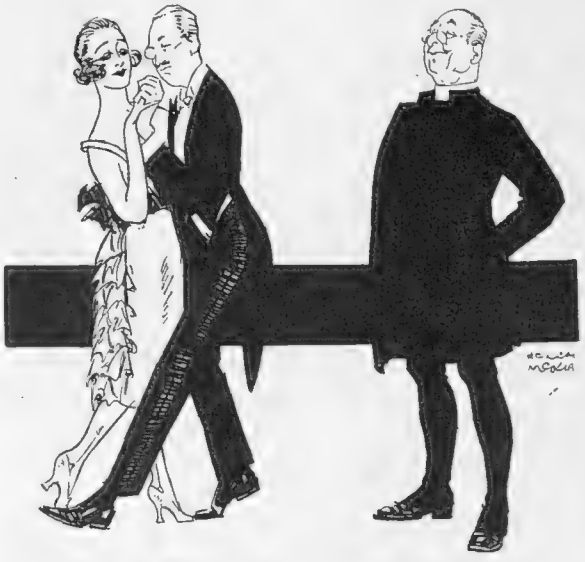
TALKING of War-oblivion, really do seem to have rather put their foot in it and drawn a hornets' nest about their ears, so to speak, those old Oxford dons and people who sent that letter to the Hun professors saying they wanted to love 'em as



"A real live Bishop actually . . . . approves of dancing"

brothers again and all the rest of it. Called the War just "animosities that under the impulse of loyal patriotism may have passed between us." Prattled of their heartfelt sorrow and regret at the "breach" there'd been, and how they had common aims and enthusiasms, and even "nauseatingly babbled"—as one critic puts it—about their "spiritual ideals." (Which reminds me, new book all about Goethe just published by Lord Haldane, which ought to make *him* popular in his "spiritual home.")

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REALLY marvellous how they manage it, though, isn't it? I mean, must need a very special sort of mind—not to mention heart—to (1) *want* to throw their silly old arms round the neck of the horrid and unchanging Hun, (2) imagine that the Hun'll do anything but despise them for it. Especially when you remember that the professors aforesaid had a big share in bringing on the War, and were quite the blood-thirstiest whole-hoggers of the lot in backing up anything and everything that their own gallant warriors did "under the impulse of loyal patriotism," from burning down libraries to shooting women and children.

PERHAPS one day we shall be able to forgive and forget—but, anyway, it will be for the Germans first to sue for forgiveness and forgetfulness. And what of our allies, France in particular? Imagine what they must think of it all, especially just now, when they're already rather full of grievances against us. Positive national peril, you know, these cranks of ours, like the dons and Dean Inge, who tells us "we are waging peace atrociously." Couldn't Dora do something to stop *them*, instead of our drinks?

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RATHER refreshing, by way of contrast, to find no less a person than a real live Bishop who actually . . . *approves* of dancing! Not only admits that the drama, and even the movies, are not so black as they've sometimes been painted, but declares that dancing, the much-condemned, the never-failing resource of denunciatory clerics, is "an admirable and healthy social amusement." What a relief, what? Shall be able now at last with clear conscience and unclouded brow to foxtrot at the Savoy or one-step at Claridge's or the Ritz, or waltz at the Grafton and New Carlton, or even dance the new tango at Ciro's or the Cri.

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SPITE of alarums and excursions and the cancelling of the Cambridgeshire, no real slackening that one can see in the wheel of pleasure here in London now. Concerts and theatres (most of them) crowded, and more and more dancing at restaurants and places—which hasn't, of course, been any too good for some of the dancing clubs they compete with. Particularly the one or two where you pay almost incredibly high prices for not at all incredibly good food, instead of having your dancing thrown in with an ordinary (though *quite* big enough) bill.

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APROPOS of clubs, by the way, I am asked to tell you about the Re-Union Club, which was started a year ago for ex-officers, and was re-opened by Lord Rosslyn only last week. It is at 87, Queen's Gate, close to South Kensington Station, and among other things, has a number of bedrooms where members, I believe, can live *en pension*. The idea is to give officers who served together a chance of meeting and renewing old friendships—and the subscription is quite a moderate one. Which is some recommendation these days, isn't it?—and not least for those whose services have not invariably been recognised by a grateful country with what you might call illimitable wealth.

"Incredibly high prices for not at all incredibly good food"

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

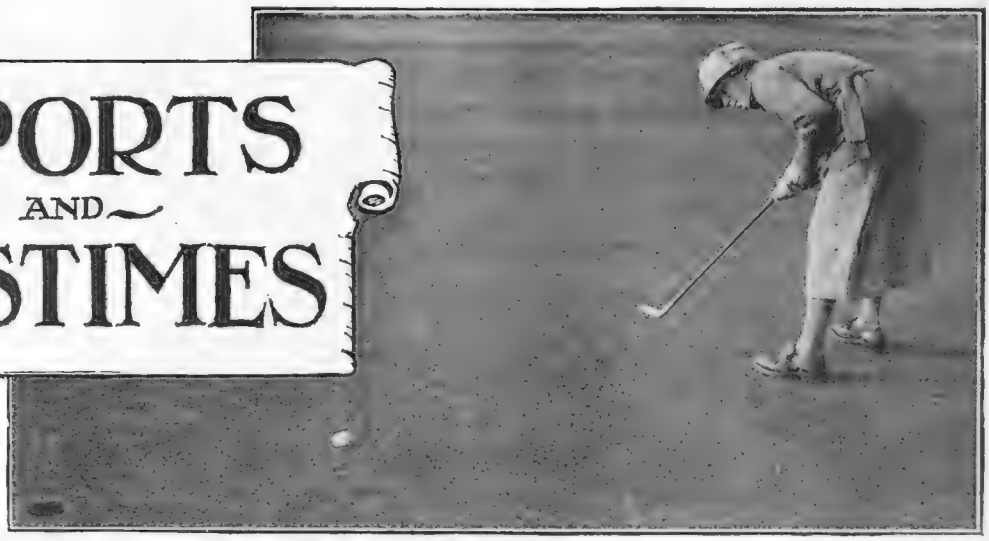
Two Future Followers of the Meynell

WITH THEIR MOTHER, WIFE OF THIS SEASON'S MASTER

Photograph] LADY NUTTING WITH HER TWO ELDEST CHILDREN *[Compton Collier*

Lady Nutting is the wife of Capt Sir Harold Nutting, who has recently taken over the Mastership of the Meynell Hounds. The eldest child, John, is six years old, and Edward is just three

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



Photograph
Sport and General

MISS MARGOT FORBES

Winner of the open competition for the Hertfordshire Coronation Bowl, which was played for under handicap at Sandy Lodge on Tuesday last. An improving player, whose handicap has recently been reduced from 18 to 11, she won with a net score of 87. She is here seen putting on the fourth green

ATHLETICS

A New Inter-'Varsity Contest

THE popularity of relay-racing is so great that success is bound to attend the institution of an athletic meeting between Oxford and Cambridge which is to consist entirely of relay races. It is to be held at Queen's Club on December 4, and will consist of five events with teams of four for each event. The distances which each member of each team will run in the five events are as follows:—220 yards, quarter-mile, half mile, mile, and 120 yards hurdles. In view of the proximity of this contest additional interest is given to the Seniors' and Freshmen's sports this term.

Potential Blues at Oxford

AMERICANS and Colonials almost monopolised the events at the Seniors' Sports at Oxford, and although nothing very startling was achieved—possibly because the winners in most cases won with something in hand—it is clear that Oxford possesses two athletes of more than ordinary calibre in W. A. Trowbridge (Princeton University, U.S.A., and Trinity) and W. S. Kent-Hughes (Melbourne Grammar School and Christ Church). Trowbridge won the hurdles, the hundred yards, and the long jump, and Kent-Hughes the quarter and the half-mile, in which P. K. Cross, son of the Old Blue, F. J. K. Cross, was second. Another dual winner was E. S. Blenkinsop (Clifton and Magdalen), who won both the mile and the three miles. S. Howard (Adelaide University and Christ Church) won the high jump with 5 ft. 7 in. a good performance which, however, was eclipsed at the Freshmen's Sports, which followed the Seniors, by R. J. Dickinson (Harrow and Oriel), who did 5 ft. 8 in. It was note-worthy that in the hurdles at the "Freshers;" Dickinson (who must not be confused with H. J. Dickinson, the old Cliftonian, who won the Seniors' cross-country in convincing fashion), was the only entrant, and that there were no competitors at all in the Hammer. This should strengthen the decision of the powers that be, to which I have already referred with approval, to eliminate the Hammer from the 'Varsity Sports after next year.

Photograph] THE SENIORS' HALF-MILE AT OXFORD [*L. N. A.*

This event was well won by the Australian, W. S. Kent-Hughes, of Melbourne Grammar School and Christ Church, who is the leader in the above illustration. He also won the Quarter-mile

RUGBY FOOTBALL

The 'Varsities

WE are already within measurable distance of the 'Varsity Rugby match, which is due to take place at Queen's Club on December 7; yet so short is the period available for team-building that neither fifteen can really be said to have emerged as yet from the chrysalis stage. Too much significance can, therefore, be easily attached to the results of their earlier matches, in which it must be confessed that the form

(*Continued on page 350*)

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Richmond Rejuvenescent

BY PHYLLIS KERMODE

In rebuilding their fifteen after the War the famous Richmond Rugby Football Club have not been as fortunate as some of their equally distinguished rivals. Casualties last season robbed them of many effectives, but under the captaincy of H. Millett, the International full-back (late of Guy's), the leeway is now being made up. The chief strength of the team lies in its forwards who are as good an eight as any in London

shown by both was not particularly convincing. Nevertheless, it is a great matter for a captain to be able to decide upon the composition of his team fairly soon, for continual experimenting is apt to be unsettling, and obviously hinders the process which is known as "getting together."

Oxford's Possibilities

My present impression is that there are greater possibilities about Oxford than Cambridge. It is decidedly to their advantage that last year's half-backs, E. Campbell and F. A. Waldock, are again available, for these two proved their worth in the 'Varsity match last year, when, if Waldock had not had to go off owing to an injury at half time, Oxford, although the non-favourites, would probably have won. The lightning-like nature of Campbell's passes and the quickness with which Waldock gets away with them are potent factors in attack. Opinions differ somewhat about P. M. Dixon, the South African, who is being tried at centre-three-quarter, but I shall be surprised if he does not get his Blue.

In the Centre

He is a player of such versatility and resourcefulness that he should not be judged too harshly for his tendency to run risks that are not always justified. One has often heard some of the greatest centres, like Poulton-Palmer, or Raphael, condemned because they were "so rash." If Oxford have a better centre than Dixon they are lucky, whilst the fact that another South African, E. F. van der Riet, who has been tried on the left wing, is good enough to play for Blackheath speaks for itself. I will deal with the Cambridge team in detail next week. H. S. S.

Photographs *Sport and General*

FINALISTS IN A GRAND FINALE

Miss K. McKane (left) and Mrs. Beamish, who, at the last lawn tennis tournament of the year, fought out the final of the World's Covered Court Championship, which was held at Queen's Club. A more brilliant or more thrilling exposition of ladies' play has not been seen since the memorable single between Mlle. Lenglen and Mrs. Lambert Chambers in 1919. Mrs. Beamish ultimately won by 9/7 in the third set, after being within an ace of defeat

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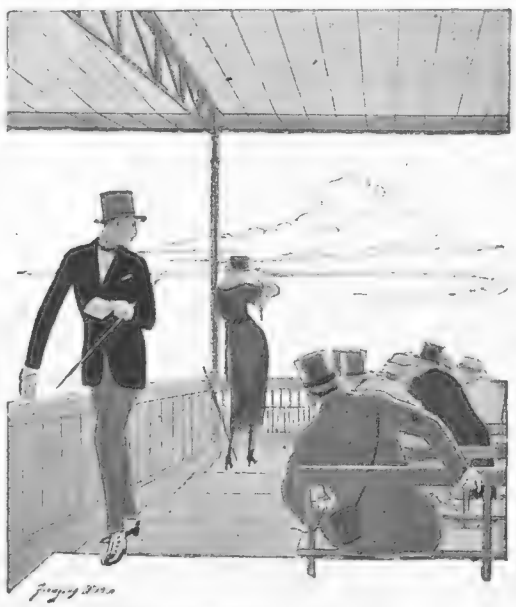

THE GRAND STAND

To meet the many requests, reproductions of some of this series of pictures, including "The Interrupted Jazz," "The Beautiful Rag," and "Victory," are now published in colour, 17 in. by 12 in., at 1s. each.

SHALL WE SKIN THEM ALIVE?

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

SUDDENLY, a week or so back, without warning, without opportunity for deliberation, without escape for thoughtful preparation, I was faced with a fundamental, political, psychological, emotional, humanitarian, Christian, international, financial, and economical problem.

A German walked into my office in Bond Street. What was a patriotic Britisher to do? Should I throw my beautiful but weighty bronze Cupid at his head? Should I telephone the "Daily Mail"? Should I acquaint the Welsh Wizard, or should I seek the assistance of Scotland Yard?

I had to think quickly. It was seven years since we had met. He was then as anti-militarist as I am now. And he, no more than tens of millions of other Germans, was certainly not responsible for the rulers of Germany plunging Europe into war.

Now, I am not pro-German, or, as a rule, pro-anything, except pro-self, but I solved the problem by asking him to have a whisky and soda. Deplorable anti-Pussyfootism!

He had fought throughout the War, and was one of the fighting few lucky enough to escape death or maiming. There was no bravery or virtue in this. He was compelled, like all other young men in all the belligerent countries, to fight or be shot at dawn. He loathed the disgusting bestiality as all—who did not organise it—loathed it.

He told me he had ordered from my firm one suit of clothes.

A few days later he looked in to say "good-bye." He said, "That suit of clothes will have to last me at least five years. It has cost me over £200."

I was amazed to find myself the chief of a gang of brigands, until he explained that he had been charged about £16, which, on the rate of exchange in German marks, had cost him the equivalent of £200.

* * * * * * * *

Here is a big economic problem. Unless one is decadent or sentimental one must face facts. It is two years since the Armistice was signed. Is it to be peace or war? Is Britain to trade freely and internationally and recover, or remain revengefully and stupidly insular and go under? Shall we be Roman or renascent? Shall we skin-alive or resuscitate? I merely put the question since I am a philosophical individualist.

But the whole financial system of Europe is really one unit, and it is now in utter chaos. Britain must trade with her late enemies, the Central Powers, and she must trade with her late ally, Russia. If national bankruptcy is to be avoided it must not be next year but at once. And from all the signs, America is likely to be a stern creditor.

* * * * * * * *

The following prices are about equal to a banana in Vienna, but that is no consolation. Lounge Suits from £12 12s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Dress Suits from £18 18s. 0d. Overcoats from £10 10s. 0d.

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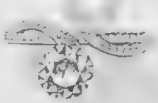

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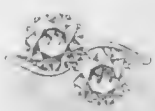

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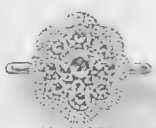

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RACING·NOTIONS

BY "CARBINE"

The Jumping Season

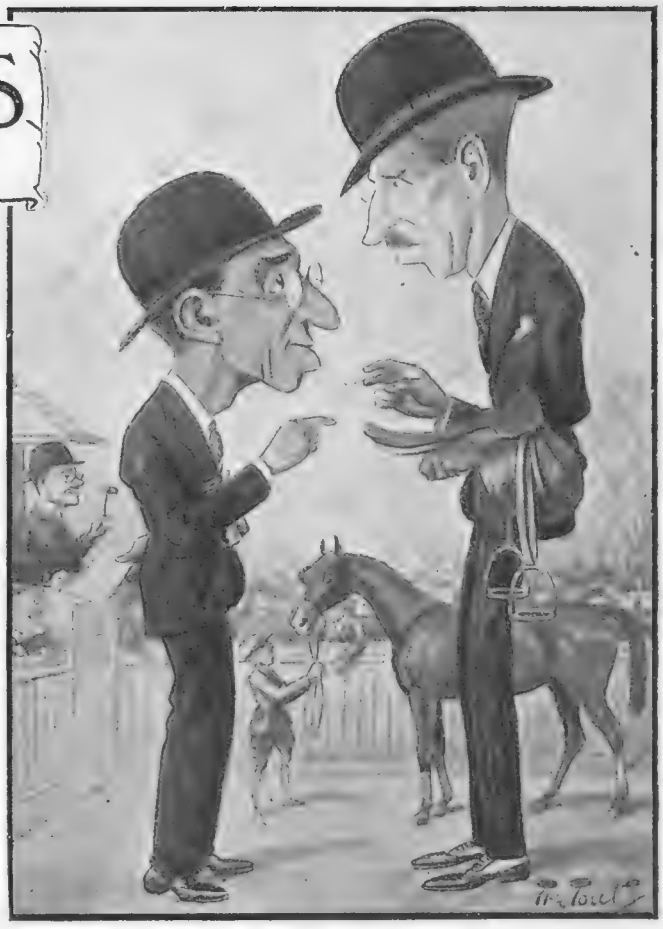
THERE are indications that the jumping season is going to be a good one. The value of races is being increased all round, and that will have the effect of attracting a better class of horse to the winter game. Naturally, the country was badly off for good cross-country performers at the end of the War, but there is now plenty of new blood. I often wonder that more owners do not give their flat-race disappointments a chance of distinguishing themselves "over the sticks." It is generally a profitable policy. Look at Iron Hand. He couldn't win a race of any sort as a three-year-old, but, put to hurdle-racing, he not only carried off a handsome stake under National Hunt rules at Liverpool, but won the Ebor at York. Then there was Trespasser, who was also a failure on the flat last season, but carried all before him over hurdles. I could quote many other examples to show that it is well worth while to put good-class horses to jumping.

Reform

I AM glad to see that the Jockey Club has practically decided to give full effect to the resolutions regarding racing reform which they passed nearly a year ago. Owners of racehorses will welcome the changes, for the chief object of the proposed alterations of the rules is to give them a fair share of the profits derived from racing. Every racecourse will in future have to contribute a reasonable amount in added money, and apart from sweepstakes it will not cost more than 1 per cent. of the advertised value of any race to run your horses. This reform is long overdue, but it has become more necessary than ever since the War, when owners' expenses have gone up alarmingly without a corresponding increase in the value of stakes.

Racing Owners

A LARGE proportion of owners are wealthy men who run their stables purely for sport and are not guided by mercenary motives. Of course, they like to be able to make both ends meet, but they are not disposed to grumble unduly if their account at Messrs. Weatherby is on the wrong side at the end of the season—as it is more often than not. They love to see their colours carried by good horses, and the occasional capture of an historic race serves to keep their interest alive. A number of them never bet. On the other hand, there are owners who regard the Turf simply as a means of money-making. They are out for the shekels all the time, and whether in selling plates or handicaps their one aim is to beat the bookmakers. There is nothing unsporting about this so long as their manœuvres are conducted along legitimate lines. We cannot all be patricians of the Turf, and nobody wishes to discourage the "little owner" who can only afford to race in a modest way. This type of owner will benefit by the changes which will probably come into force next season.



BY "THE TOUT"

"SUCCESSFUL SELLING-PLATERS"

Mr. Marshall and Captain Oswald Bell have been in wonderful form this season with their selling-platers. The consecutive successes of "Corporal," "Plum," and others have been the subject of much comment, coupled with Captain Bell's skill as a trainer. Mr. Marshall is an Oriental and plays up his winnings with all the courage of his race. Captain Oswald Bell hails from "down under"

By Field, Stream and Covert

Not M.F.H.—Yet

THE evening paper which came out last week with the heading, "The Prince of Wales, M.F.H.," in respect to His Royal Highness's acceptance of the chairmanship of the West Norfolk Hunt made a *faux pas* which doubtless raised the smiles of foxhunters. Yet, perhaps, it was only a case of intelligent anticipation, after all. I don't suppose the Prince's duties would ever permit him to take on the Mastership of a pack of foxhounds, though I am sure he would be keen enough to carry out the job to the satisfaction of all concerned. Couldn't they do with him down in the Whaddon Chase country just now! The Prince is looking forward keenly to the season's sport, which he has richly earned after his arduous travellings. He intends to hunt mainly with the Pytchley, but the members of other Hunts in Leicestershire and

(*Continued on page 356*)

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Still at Loggerheads

STORMY DAYS IN THE WHADDON CHASE HUNT

Photograph THE MEET AT ADSTOCK [*L. N. A.*

Lord Orkney, who was elected to the Mastership a few months ago, chatting to friends

LORD DALMENY

With Mr. C. M. Prior, at whose residence the hounds met. The former was Master of the Committee pack last season

Photograph CUB-HUNTING WITH THE WHADDON CHASE NEAR ADDINGTON MANOR *Alfieri*

Efforts to patch up last week's quarrel in this Hunt have so far been unavailing, and notices warning off Lord Orkney's Hounds from certain coverts have been issued

BY FIELD, STREAM AND COVERT (concluded)

Warwickshire will be keenly disappointed if he does not put in a day or two with them.

More Trouble

WHAT is going to be the finish of all this Whaddon Chase fuss? I hoped we had heard the last of it six months ago, but knowing the parties chiefly concerned in the quarrel, I confess my hope was not particularly sanguine. Sure enough, the trouble has broken out again with redoubled force. Some of the daily papers last week gave it headlines and big type, equalling those devoted to the coal strike settlement and the end of the Lord Mayor of Cork. All this publicity is regrettable, and bodes no good for the fair name of foxhunting. I had a chat with a leading supporter of Colonel Selby-Lowndes last week, and found him just as bitter towards Lord Orkney's *régime* as he was last winter towards Lord Dalmeny's. He implied, indeed, that it was much the same thing. I trust the wretched business will be settled before the opening of the regular season.

By Fred Buchanan

ANOTHER FORTUNE GONE WEST!

Francis and Rivy

A GREAT charm attaches to John Buchan's memoir of Francis and Rivy Grenfell (Nelson and Sons: 15*s*.). The book held me from first to last. I knew the twins well in sport, and I can still picture their dashing gallops at Hurlingham, their determination to make their combination as perfect as that of the Waterburys. They were among the best known and most popular young men of their day; but you need not to have known them to appreciate this story of their lives. Thanks to the letters which each wrote to the other and each preserved, Mr. Buchan is able to present us with a perfect picture of their fine characters, their pleasures and aspirations, and their matchless courage. I am glad that the writing of a permanent record of their lives fell into hands so well qualified to do justice to the subject. A. W. C.

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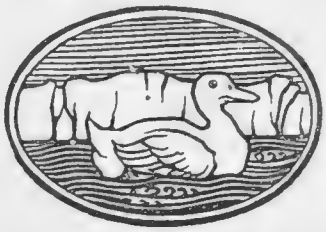

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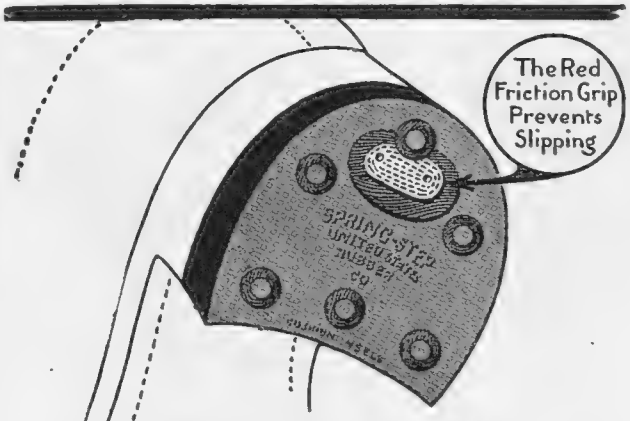

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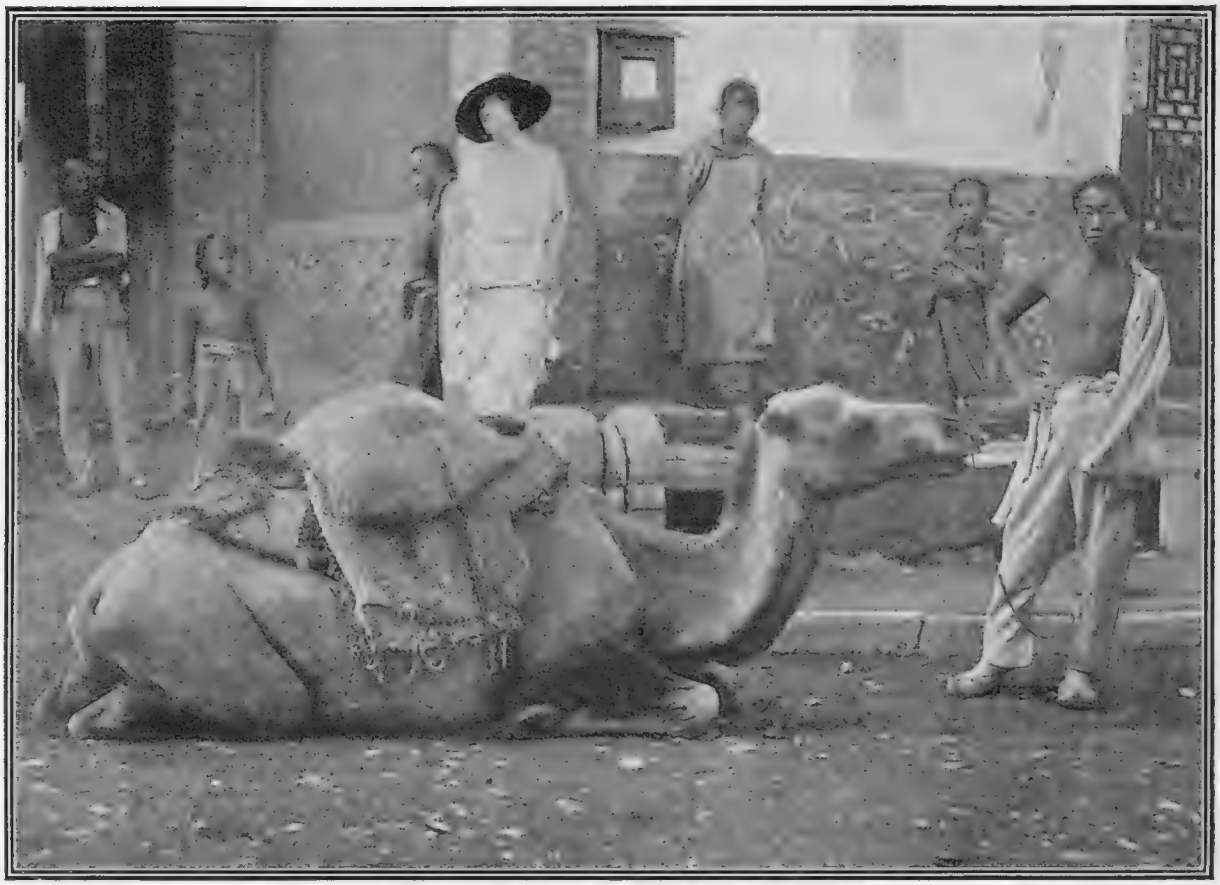

Photograph "THE CAMEL'S HUMP IS AN UGLY LUMP" *Central News*

So it is said, but in this instance it acts as a very serviceable foil for the charming pose of Miss Elsie Ferguson, who is seen behind it. Miss Ferguson is a well-known American actress, and this picture shows her with a camel caravan outside Peking. She is taking a holiday travelling in China

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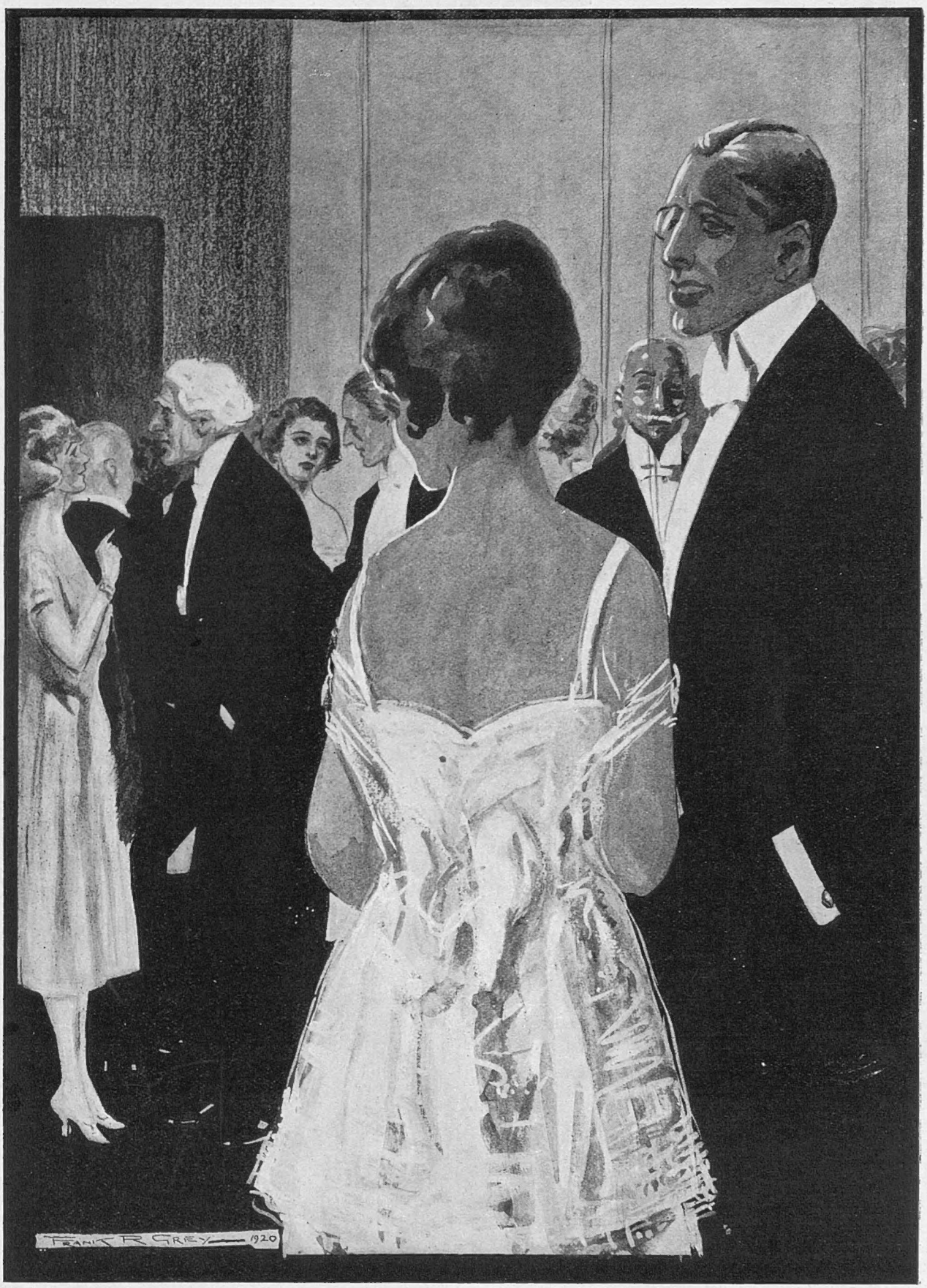

BY FRANK R. GREY

FAIR GUEST: "How distinguished your father looks with all that white hair of his!"
HER PARTNER: "Yes—and he has to thank me for it!"

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

FEW writers appear in so many guises as Mr. W. L. George. He can write you a learned economic thesis packed full of irrefutable facts and statistics. He can prepare you a political disquisition, which, if it does not set out to please you, at least will show a definite point of view. His knowledge of the various trades and professions is peculiarly extensive. He writes short stories in abundance and serious novels. *A Bed of Roses*—his first—was banned. *Caliban* (Methuen: 8*s.* 6*d.* net)—his latest—may give offence in some quarters, not for any reason of morals, but because it is almost impossible not to project the career of his hero, Richard Bulmer, on to that of a living newspaper magnate. (This fact, you may argue, has nothing to do with the book considered as a work of art, and perhaps it has not.) *Caliban* is interesting, but it is not Mr. George's best book, and it is a pity that your modern Press colossus, whether in real life or in fiction, should tread so repeatedly the same path.

❋ ❋

MR. GEORGE'S Bulmer collects power and money by the apparently simple, but really most complicated process of "giving the public what it wants." He starts with a sort of *Tit-Bits* called *Zip*, and in the course of time *Zip* leads the way to the *Daily Gazette* with its scoops and its stunts. Then there comes that usual step from Fleet Street to Whitehall, and honours are added to wealth. As a young man he has married for no particular reason, and as a powerful peer he flirts unsuccessfully with a sort of tender emotion. But to him nothing really matters except the *Daily Gazette* and the power it gives him. Once or twice you sympathise with him—he will end his days as a lonely old man—but not often. The title of the book is well-chosen, and Bulmer's career is set forth in a powerful way, but Mr. George is not the first writer to attempt such a task, and you feel that Bulmer is not sufficiently his own creation. On the other hand, *Caliban* is a book to read and think of because it attempts to interpret a modern phenomenon of outstanding importance.

❋ ❋

WE were quite wrong, it seems, about Bluebeard. Anatole France has now discovered authentic documents dealing with this remarkable man. His real name was Bernard de Montragoux, and he was an ill-used gentleman. None of his first six wives was what you would call a really nice woman, and his seventh was a devil, for she caused him to be murdered and told lies about that locked room where her predecessors' heads were supposed to be hanging. Of course, they were not real heads at all—just family portraits. You may read of this poor man's tragic career in Mr. D. B. Stewart's translation of M. France's historical investigation. But *The Seven Wives of Bluebeard* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) contains other good stories as well. There is the quaint tale of the great St. Nicholas, who brought to life three boys whom a wicked innkeeper had not only murdered, but cut up and put into the salting-tub. Alas! they did not turn out well, and the only person who benefited by this ill-judged miracle was the innkeeper himself. Then there is the affair between the Duchess of Cicogne and M. de Boulingrin, who did not believe in fairies, despite the fact that his own King's daughter was the real Sleeping Beauty, and notwithstanding the equally "difficult" fact that he was himself put to sleep for a hundred years. And, finally, there is the sad case of King Christophe, for whom Dr. Rodrigue had prescribed the shirt worn by a happy

(*Continued on page 364*)

By Arthur Watts

DOGS AND THEIR OWNERS

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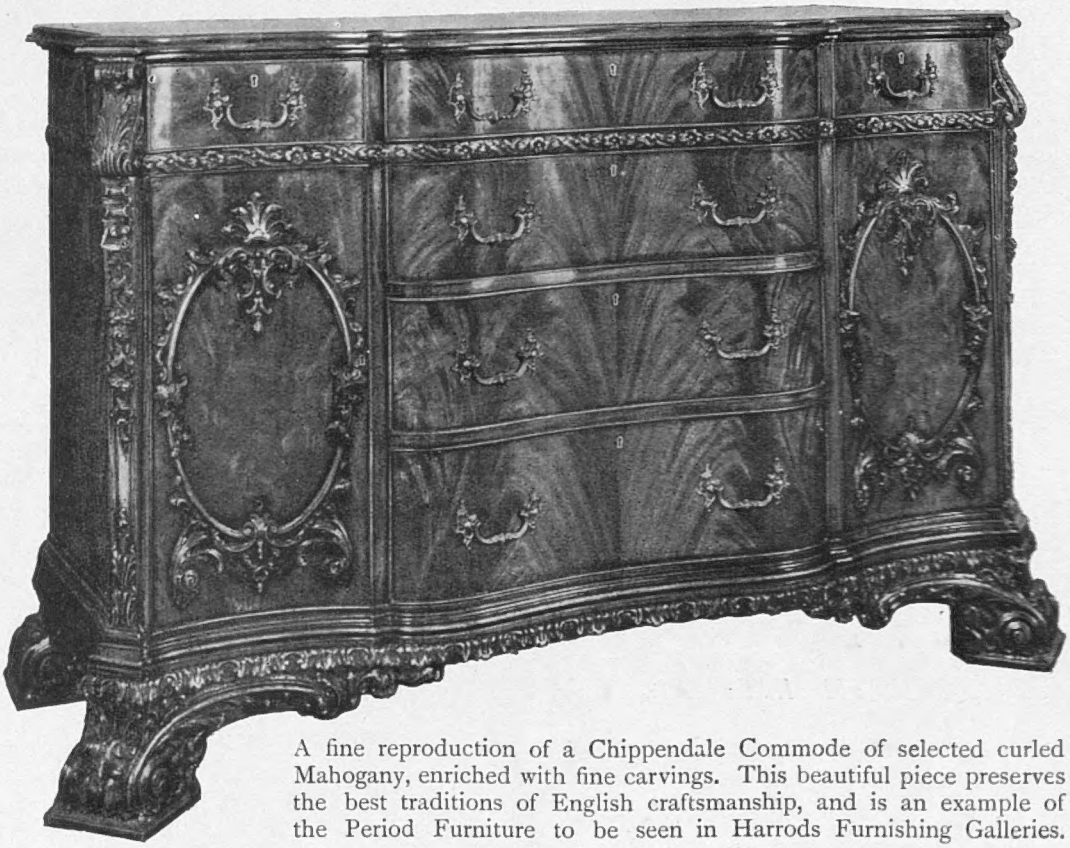

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man. Two faithful courtiers attempt to find such a shirt; unfortunately the only really happy man in the country is shirtless. There is no European writer with just M. France's fanciful irony. There is no one who succeeds so well in blending deep satire with playful romance.

⁂ ⁂

If you have been privileged to hear Mr. Vachel Lindsay, the so-called "Jazz" poet of America, reciting his own poems, you will have been thrilled; for Mr. Lindsay is a great actor with a wonderful voice and a peculiar magnetism of his own. He somehow takes hold of his audiences and lifts them bodily into his poems. I shall never forget having heard him declaim "The Congo: A Study of the Negro Race," which is printed, along with other pieces, in *The Daniel Jazz and Other Poems* (Bell: 4*s.* 6*d.* net). To enjoy Mr. Lindsay's work, you must read, or, better, intone it aloud—if you can. It is onomatopœic and strange and barbaric—but by no means just wordy. No mere collection of words can thrill you; they must crystallise out some clear emotion or thought. I fancy that the methods adopted to advertise Mr. Lindsay in this country have not been of the wisest, but that fact detracts not one whit, of course, from the merits of his poems.

Photograph *Swaine*

MR. STANLEY LOGAN

The well-known actor, who is entering the ranks of actor-managers at the Gaiety Theatre, Manchester, where he is presenting a new farce by Mr. Basil Macdonald Hastings entitled "Hanky-Panky John," preparatory to bringing it to London

⁂ ⁂

Mr. Thomas Wright's work, *The Romance of the Lace Pillow* (Olney, Armstrong: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), is an interesting account of this little-known industry as practised in the Home Counties and elsewhere. The author has succeeded in building up an historical picture which seems sufficiently complete. And he has plenty of weird stories to tell of lace-smuggling and other similar excitements. There are technical chapters, though these are never too technical for the general reader, and there are no less than seventy-five plates. R. S.

Published in co-operation with the National Cyclists' Union, *Letts' Cyclists' Diary* contains a wealth of information useful to the cyclist. There are hints on the selection of a machine, its care and upkeep, figures as to world's records and championships, details of railway rates, a mileage chart, lighting-up time table, and a section relating to cycling law and organisations. The diary is issued by Cassell's, a week to the page, at 2*s.* net.

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